

Children's Newspaper

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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THE FLIGHT FROM RUINED EUROPE

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Seven

THE VOICE FROM THE WELL

HOW IT SAVED JOHN TUFF

A New Tale that will Long be Told in Old Chilham

A DAY AND NIGHT ADVENTURE

A big penalty has been paid by John Tuff of Chilham, in Kent, for want of care in indulging his curiosity. It has cost him the uncomfortableness of 26 lonely hours at the bottom of a dry well.

The pleasant village of Chilham, near Canterbury, has a castle, and while working in the castle grounds John heard that it contained, in one of its passages, an ice well. As that seemed to him an unusual thing, he thought he would like to see it, and so, when he had finished his half-day's work on a Saturday, he went to look for the well.

An Avalanche of Bricks

The passage was dark, so dark that he felt for his matches to see the way, and as he did so he stepped suddenly into the open well and clattered down, accompanied by a small avalanche of loose bricks. Here was a pretty to-do.

He was not hurt, except for a few bruises, so he shouted for help; but his less curious mates had gone home for their Saturday dinner, and nobody was near the unused well.

Things might have been worse, for the well had a cement floor, and was dry, at any rate. So was John, and hungry too. His one comfort was that he had matches. By their aid he saw that in the well were a few pieces of wood, and that discovery gave him an idea. Could he not climb out of the well? Luckily he had a knife and some string.

Shaping the pieces of wood into pegs, and picking out holes between the bricks that lined his place of captivity, he constructed a short peg ladder. But it was too short to reach the top of the well.

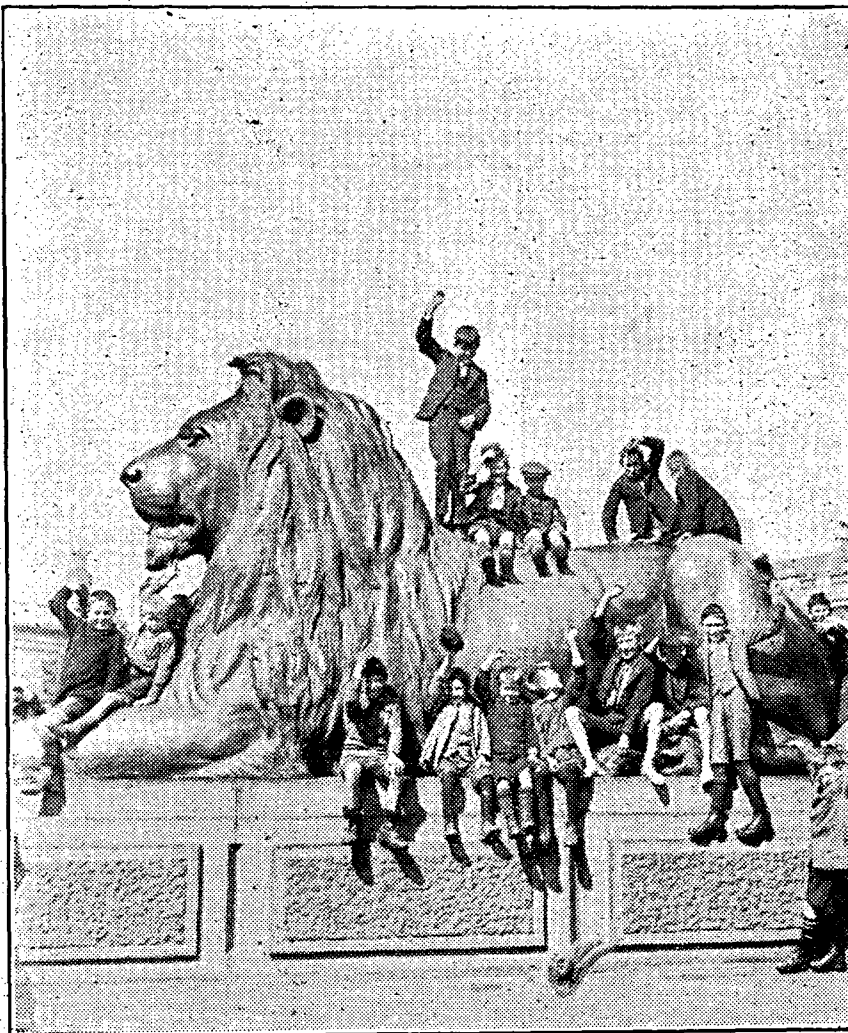
Almost at the Top

Every boy who has imagined such an adventure will know what is the only thing that can be done in a difficulty of that kind. The pegs below the climber must be taken out and used again higher up; and that was what the prisoner, standing on the middle pegs of his ladder, contrived to do.

By the help of the string he pulled the pegs below him out of their holes in the wall and put them in the holes he made above him. It must have been a cramping position to work in, on such a precarious foothold, but John persevered until he had nearly reached the top of the well. Then, as might well be expected, one of the pegs on which he was standing gave way, and again he fell to the bottom of the well.

We can hardly wonder that he resolved, after that failure, to "go easy," and that he settled down, though hungry and cold, to make the best of his fix and to sleep if he could. In that he succeeded, helped, no doubt, by the fatigue of his

The Young Cubs and the Old Lion



All the schools have now broken up, as is evident by the numbers of boys and girls playing in the parks and squares of our cities and towns. Here we see a crowd of happy boys playing on one of the bronze lions in Trafalgar Square, London

climb. He was not cut off from sounds of human life, if he could not himself be heard. Tantalising reminders that Chilham was playing cricket near by reached him, and he was lulled to sleep by the evening harmonies of the Salvation Army band, and awakened by the ringing of the church bells for Sunday morning worship.

By this time alarm at his absence from home had spread, and a search began; but the Sunday dinner hour

had passed before, answering to shouts outside the passage door, he, too, made himself heard, and at two o'clock emerged from the chill and gloom of the well by way of a ladder that had been lowered into it.

Doubtless the tale of John Tuff's unsought adventure will long be told in Chilham village to boys who will never cease to wish for the chance of climbing a wall on pegs whittled with a pocket-knife from pieces of wood.

THE LAST REFUGE OF SLAVERY

At last the question of slavery in Abyssinia has been brought before the British Parliament.

The League of Nations is about to discuss slavery in Africa; and Earl Beauchamp, in the House of Lords, wished that Great Britain should be active in bringing the shortcomings of Abyssinia, slavery's last refuge, before the League.

In reply the British Foreign Minister promised that the British consuls in Abyssinia shall report to the Government on the question as it now stands; and any useful information received shall be passed on to the League. His own information is that there is less slave raiding from Abyssinia than there was

four years ago, and that none of it ever reaches British territory.

The French have represented to the League already that their view favours more arms being allowed into Abyssinia for the use of the Abyssinian Government in putting down slave raids. This, Lord Curzon thinks, is the worst course possible, as the arms are passed on to the slave raiders. The arms have reached Abyssinia from French territory.

It is clear that the Abyssinian Government cannot be trusted to deal with slavery, and the motto of surrounding Governments is "Business first." But the great nations may come to some arrangement with the help of the League which will stop this evil traffic.

RIVALS IN THE OCEAN BED

TREASURE-HUNTERS AT WORK

Diving Down into a North Sea War Wreck

WHO OWNS IT?

An extraordinary story has been before the judges through a dispute about a ship at the bottom of the North Sea.

The point to be settled was whether treasure-hunters who dive down to a wreck and begin to recover her cargo can claim the ground as their own and order off others as trespassers. Can we trespass at the bottom of the sea?

The ship concerned was the Dutch steamer *Tubantia*. Early in 1916 she was sunk by the Germans in about a hundred feet of water. She was said to be carrying a general cargo, but that does not account for the keenness of the dispute that has arisen.

It seems as if something much more valuable than general cargo was in the ship, and that there is a strong hope of recovering it, whatever it may be.

Salvage Vessel Arrives

In April last year a salvage vessel appeared on the scene and began to dive to recover whatever might be reached. The work has been continued from time to time since, as the weather has permitted. But early in July of the present year another salvage company appeared on the scene.

The first company, claiming that they were in possession of the wreck, applied in the Admiralty Court for an injunction restraining the second company from interfering in the work already going on.

One of their pleas was that if an injunction should not be granted against the second company, but the wreck be left free for all treasure-seekers to raise from the depths anything of value they might find, there might be a free fight, above and below the surface, between rival treasure-hunters.

Lost Ship Open to All

The decision of the judge was that the evidence of the first company of treasure-seekers was not strong enough to show that they had actual possession of the vessel at the bottom of the sea; and that, though interference by a rival company might be unsportsmanlike, it was not illegal.

The second company offered to leave at the disposal of the Court anything they might recover from the wreck until a decision had been given as to the ownership of the things. Thereupon the judge declined to restrain the second company from visiting the wreck, and suggested that each company should enter the ship from a different end and work in a friendly spirit.

So it seems as if a lost ship is open to all adventurous treasure-seekers above and below.

A TRAGEDY OF POWER AND FAME

THE 28th KING OF AMERICA

Great Simplicity and Fine Character of Mr. Harding

A NATION'S TRAGIC LOSS

Warm sympathy has been felt throughout the British Empire for the American people in their loss of one of the most amiable men who has ever been chosen President of the great Republic. Warren Gamaliel Harding, the 28th King of America, died tragically and almost suddenly, a victim to the strenuousness that now seems to be expected from the occupant of that high office of President of 110,000,000 people.

The immediate cause of his illness seems to have been an unfortunate meal, but the fatigue of a campaign of oratory, as a preparation for his re-election as President two years hence, had sapped his powers of resistance.

Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding, all shattered their health to perpetuate the American idea of oratory on a gigantic scale. That Mr. Roosevelt should have done it was natural, for he delighted in public turmoil. That Mr. Wilson should have done it was not surprising, for he was an ambitious man with a great cause to defend. But that Mr. Harding should have done it is a simple tragedy.

At the Front of the Stage

The truth is that he was a simple, common-sense citizen from the Middle States, an industrious newspaper proprietor who had risen from the ranks and had served his locality with sound judgment and fidelity. By the chances of organised politics he was chosen as a Party candidate for the Presidency, much to his own surprise.

The momentary cry was for Normalcy, as Americanese had it in a very ugly word, and Mr. Harding was emphatically a normal man. The country was tired of adventure, particularly of adventure abroad. It longed for quiet. It was inclined to shut itself in from the rest of the world, and it welcomed a president who had no strong views or far-reaching ambitions.

But popular wishes do not rule the world. Nations cannot shut themselves in and determine their own fates. And during the last two years the American Republic has seethed with controversy, which has often risen almost to fever heat. In the midst of the storm the President was like a small boat tossed on irresistible tides.

The Friend of All

Perhaps least of all presidents was he a man to rule the storm, yet a more popular Chief Citizen never occupied the White House.

The secret of his popularity has been expressed by one who knew him well in the words: "He was one of the kindest-hearted men in public life." He was one of the people, at ease among the people, the unspoiled, affable friend of all, the best type of the entirely normal man. After the passion of Roosevelt and the icy logic of Wilson, Harding brought a quieting restfulness. But the world will not rest; and his was not the hand for the helm in a troubled sea.

His honourable distinction is that, in spite of being a passenger rather than a captain, he was one of the most popular presidents America has known.

The New President

The new President of America is Mr. Calvin Coolidge, who has served as Vice-President under Mr. Harding. He is fifty-one, and a New Englander, and as President of the American Senate for several years, he proved one of the best-informed public men the nation had.

Mr. Coolidge has been called a practical idealist, and all the world will hope that in his high office he may give the world that touch of practical idealism which alone can save it.

DEEP IN EVERY BRITISH HEART

THE FORCE THAT KEPT THE NATION IN THE WAR

What is Keeping Open the War Wounds of Europe?

PRIME MINISTER'S VIEW

The grave difference of opinion between the British and French Governments has led to important discussions; and the Prime Minister, speaking in the House of Commons before Parliament adjourned, declared that the British people, whatever happened, would be always on the side of right.

The occupation of the Ruhr Valley by the French Army, said Mr. Baldwin, was being felt in the trade of the world. India, with good rains and every prospect of good trade, finds that neither her jute, her hides, her seeds, nor her rice have their usual markets in Europe, which means that India is poorer and that Lancashire suffers. Everywhere the same thing happens.

What Matters Most.

But bad trade is not the gravest consequence, suggested Mr. Baldwin. What matters most of all is that right should be done. It had been suggested that there were unworthy motives behind those who are keeping open the war wounds of Europe, and if this were so the Prime Minister wished to say this:

Deep down in every British heart, irrespective of party, lies a profound sense of what they believe to be right. It is a thing upon which they don't argue, but they feel it. It is one of the most potent forces in our lives. It was the force that took this nation into the war, and the force which kept it there till the end.

If the British people should feel that the wounds of Europe were being kept open instead of being healed, there might then easily ensue the last thing in the world I would like to see, and that would be an estrangement of heart between our people and those who took the opposite view.

I hope and I believe that nothing of the kind will ever happen; but as one who is, who always has been, a warm friend of France, who desires and means to work with her to the utmost limit of my power, I think it is only a mark of friendship to say what I have said; and it is because I want that friendship to last that I want a rapid settlement of these troubles that are tormenting Europe.

THE £5 NOTE

A Judge and a Man

Who says that sympathy is blunted by habit?

At the last Recorder's Court at Dudley the judge felt bound by the law he was administering to send a man to prison for six months with hard labour, in spite of his good character in the past.

Then, after judge and prisoner had left the Court, they met accidentally, the prisoner being on his way to the prison. The legal side of the judge's duty being fulfilled, the humane side of the man took command, and he stepped up to the prisoner and gave him a £5 note.

THE MOURNER

One of the most remarkable of all stories of animal fidelity comes from Aldershot.

The caretaker of the Weal Cemetery, who was very fond of an old black cat, died. The cat kept watch by his coffin, followed it to the grave, and when the service was over scratched the earth beside the grave.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR LACE?

GREAT CITY'S TRADE FACED WITH RUIN

The Wheels of Prosperity Stop Going Round

GOVERNMENT INQUIRY

The crippled state of the lace industry in Nottingham, which has been revealed to the committee of the Board of Trade now inquiring into the question, should be known to everybody; for it is a most difficult problem of national importance.

It is national because the special circumstances which have brought this great business to the verge of ruin may sooner or later involve other industries.

Owing to the fall in the value of German and French money, German and French lacemakers, working for a scanty wage, are able to flood the market with cheap lace, underselling Nottingham not only in the United States but in Great Britain itself.

Machinery Stagnant

The result is that, whereas before the war Nottingham had lacemaking machines valued at £10,000,000, making and exporting lace worth more than £4,000,000 a year, the trade has now fallen off to less than £1,200,000 a year, and the machines are being scrapped or sold to America, while firms which were once prosperous are being forced out of the trade. It is said that machines worth £1500 have actually been sold for £150 to pay the rent.

Before the war Nottingham's lace machines were capable of employing 60,000 workers; now unemployment is sapping the life of this once prosperous and progressive city, the proud Queen of the Midlands. Lace has been regarded for centuries as a beautiful fabric widely desired, and there has been positive proof in the past that Nottingham can produce it as attractively, as cheaply, and as abundantly as any country.

Crippled by the War

In fact, Nottingham's machine-made lace is often proudly worn by people who think they are displaying the special wares of some Continental city which has had a name in the world for a choice form of the fabric.

This great trade, on which one of our chief English cities largely depends, is being crippled by the baneful influence of the war on international finance, and by the continuance of the military spirit, which depresses trade everywhere and destroys the value of money; and other trades are being similarly affected. It is not for us to suggest remedies; that is the duty of the committee now investigating the question closely in detail and in principle. But the public generally should know of the urgency of the problem, and the reality of the danger under which Nottingham is now suffering.

THE MAN AT THE DOOR

And the Mother with the Letter

A woman stood at her doorway in Durham when a passing stranger spoke to her, and they fell into a conversation, which at last drifted into the war.

Then she told him how bravely her own son had died, and in confirmation showed him a letter from the son's officer with praise in it that eased her sad heart.

The visitor looked with great astonishment, for he was none other than the officer himself.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Abydos	Ah-bi-doss
Aphrodite	Af-ro-di-te
Aristophanes	Ar-is-tof-ah-nee-z
Capernaum	Kah-per-na-um
Hellespont	Hel-less-pont
Leander	Le-an-der
Montgolfier	Mon-gol-fe-ay
Nicobar	Nik-o-bar
Ophiucus	O-fi-u-kuss
Xerxes	Zerks-eez

PARIS HAS A NEW SHOW PLACE

BOY'S HARD ROAD TO FAME

The Great Day When He Carried a Parcel for His Mother

COURAGE OF AN ARTIST

By Our Paris Correspondent

The idea that the homes of great artists should be turned into public galleries and consecrated to their work seems to spread. We should be glad of it.

Hugo, Balzac, Rodin, Moreau, already have their own museums in Paris, and now Jean Jacques Henner, the French painter who died twenty years ago, is to have one too.

The work of Henner is a great inspiration. It reveals to us the conscience, the effort, the meditation, the eagerness, of the last generation of artists.

Henner was one of those men who do everything with almost nothing, and, looking at his pictures, the mind goes back to his struggling youth in Alsace.

Drawing on the Wall

Ever since he could walk little Jean Jacques sketched boys on front doors and on barn walls, and his father never scolded him. He would rather encourage these scribbles, for he saw in them the germs of a future talent, and he took out his boy to see things. He would make him admire the old church of the village, and in such ways the boy was early accustomed to enjoy what is beautiful. His mother did not give him such lessons; she simply took him on her lap at night when the sky was clear and they would count the stars together.

"My mother was my first teacher," he used to say. But he needed another, and he found him at Altkirch. Yet the Henners were poor, they could pay no boarding for their son, and Altkirch college was six miles away.

"Never mind," said Jean Jacques; "I will walk there." And so he did, every day, starting long before the others awoke, carrying bread and cheese for his lunch, and coming back in the dark.

Too Proud to Beg

At twelve he settled down at Strasbourg, and then in Paris; but the time came at last when, having no money left and too proud to beg, the poor boy left the painting school. Then followed hard days of loneliness and hunger in Paris, and in the end, finding no work to do, Jean Jacques returned home.

But nothing can hold back such a boy as he. One day, coming from Altkirch with some shopping for his mother, he caught sight of a name he knew printed on the paper in which his purchase was wrapped up. It was the name of a schoolboy who had just won the Grand Prix of Rome for painting. The poor boy felt sad that such a piece of good fortune had not come to him. He thought earnestly, and determined that he, too, would win the great prize of Rome.

Success at Last

At that time he was the portrait painter of the little village; for five or ten francs he would copy your features so cleverly that everybody ran to him. He got on rapidly, saved up a small sum of money, and once more started for Paris. And there we find him facing life with great courage, hard at work while his little hoard of money was slowly going.

At last the testing time came, and Henner took in hand his subject for Rome. It was his "Death of Abel," and it won the prize! By a sudden change of Fate he was delivered from anxiety.

Before starting for Rome, where he was to continue his studies, Henner wished to take his news to his old master at Altkirch. He found him in the schoolroom, and they fell into each other's arms. There and then the artist began the portrait of the old man, and if gratitude and joy make up a picture that portrait must be Henner's masterpiece!

WHERE JESUS LIVED

A VISIT TO CAPERNAUM

What a Traveller Noticed on His Journey

RACE HATE LIKE A FIRE

An English traveller in Palestine has recently visited the ruins of Capernaum. For years it was thought that this buried city could never be discovered, and among the scholars of the last century there was a dispute even about its site.

But now it has been found and identified. A French pilgrim visited Capernaum in the fourth century, and chanced to mention in describing the town that a flight of fourteen steps led up to the synagogue on its east side. Excavations have now brought to light those steps.

Moreover, in the midst of the richly worked façade of this buried synagogue there is a single stone bearing a carved Roman eagle. Thus, as our good friend Dr. Norman Maclean points out, these ruins prove the truth of the old record which tells how the elders besought Jesus on behalf of the centurion, "for he loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue." Capernaum is discovered.

A Rabbi's Book

The town has a peculiar interest for Christians. It was here that Jesus became a householder, and was taxed. It was here He found a home when Nazareth drove Him out of her borders.

Dr. Norman Maclean tells us that the Zionists in Palestine are determined to have nothing to do with the ethics of Jesus. He was shown a Rabbi's book which clumsily seeks to disguise the fact that Jesus ever existed. Instead of writing 444 B.C., this Rabbi writes "444 before the common time reckoning"; and he refuses to write A.D.

What it means to turn the back on Jesus, our traveller saw at every turn in his journey. He saw thousands of Armenian refugees "with the light of hope quenched in their eyes, fragments of families, the rest massacred or dead from hunger and fatigue." He saw crowds of Greeks homeless and penniless. And he saw the ruins of the last great Christian city in Asia Minor, the ancient city of Smyrna. Race hate is raging like a prairie fire in the land where Jesus lived. Only those who are the followers of Jesus minister to the desolate and broken-hearted victims of national animosities.

How to Gain the World

Well might he reflect, standing in the ruins of Capernaum, above the Sea of Galilee, that racialism, hatred, and war are never likely to lay the foundation of the soul's eternal edifice. Well might he think of Jesus, the Light of the World, "To the war makers He declared that the peacemaker alone is blessed; and to the arrogant that the meek alone is the inheritor of all things; and to all that the only way to gain the world is to renounce it."

When shall we learn this lesson and abandon the policy of hate?

SNAIL KILLS A MOUSE

A Tragedy of the Countryside

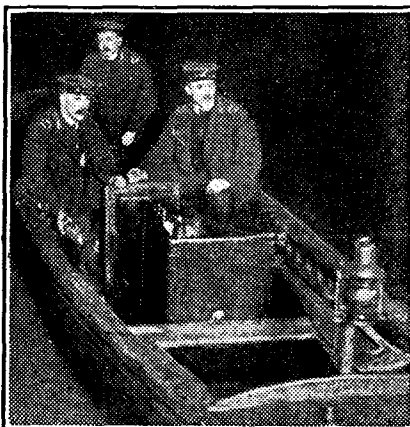
A Polegate reader sends us the body of a mouse which he found with its head fast in a large snail-shell. Apparently the mouse had eaten the snail, broken the shell, and pushed its head right through. Then the shell seems to have strangled the mouse.

Another theory is that the mouse was burrowing in the earth and pushed its head through the shell, which lay broken underground. It was a sad little tragedy of the countryside.

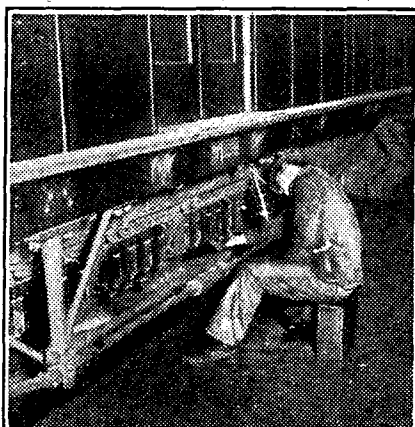
NIGHT FALLS ON THE GREAT CITY



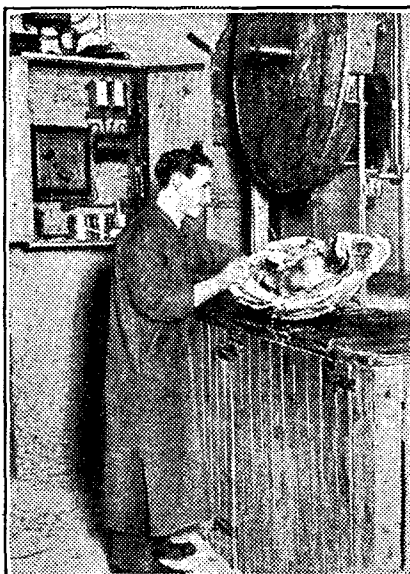
Cleaning the streets with a hose



River police patrolling the Thames



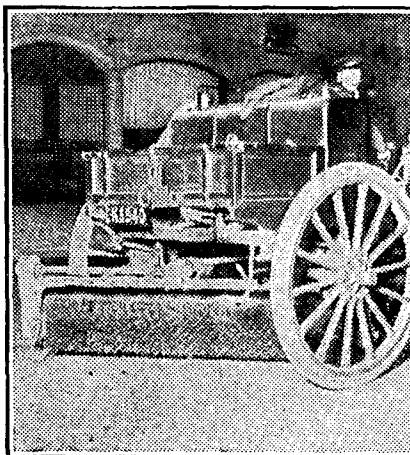
Overhauling an Underground train



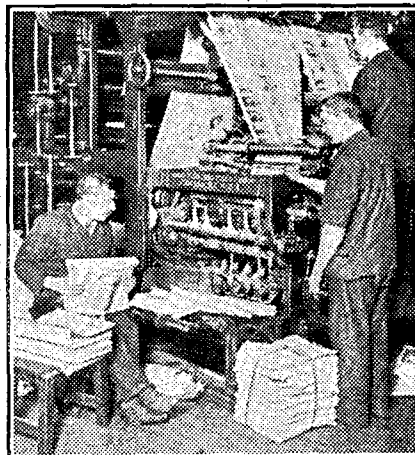
Cutting meat at the Meat Market with an electric saw



Cleaning the tramcars in one of the great depots



An electric road-sweeper at work



Printing a newspaper for the breakfast table

The Selborne Society, which deals chiefly with the preservation of bird life in England, has a ramble section, and has lately organised a series of all-night rambles in London, visiting newspaper offices, well-known thoroughfares, the markets, and so on. These pictures show some of the sights the ramblers see. See next column

AN OLD THING GOING

New Way of Railway Signalling

LIGHTS THAT SHINE BY DAY

The new system of signalling on the railway between Marylebone and Wembley Hill is of special interest, being the first instance of the use of an entirely new signalling method in this country.

The system is known in railway circles as the "day colour-light signalling," and was described at length in the C.N. a little more than a year ago, when the British railway companies were considering the scheme.

Every C.N. reader knows well the semaphore signals in general use on the railways. The new signals have no semaphores or rising or falling arms, but are merely lights which can be seen by the engine-driver in broad daylight.

Powerful electric lamps with lenses fixed in front of them, and shields to screen off the daylight, are placed at the top of a signal post, and can be seen several hundred yards away by the driver. Each of the three lamps is screened by glass of a different colour, red meaning danger, yellow caution, and green safety.

Increasing the Number of Trains

The rays from the lamps are so wonderfully concentrated that they can be seen even in moderately foggy weather for a great distance, and are likely to prove a greater safeguard than the present signals, which are likely to become obsolete.

The new signalling between Wembley and Marylebone has been installed by the Westinghouse Brake and Saxby Signal Company, and so effective has it proved that just double the usual number of trains can be run safely over the railroad.

The signals, of course, are the same by night as well as day, and can be made to work practically automatically; and this, together with the automatic train-stopping apparatus already described in the C.N., should introduce a new era in the science of passenger traffic which should greatly increase the safety of railway travelling.

The new system is shortly to be extended over other lines.

LONDON BY NIGHT

Boys Seeing the Sights

Many C.N. readers have heard of the Selborne Society, whose chief work is the preservation of wild bird life. Its bird sanctuary situated at Hanwell is deservedly famous.

But not many readers know, perhaps, that there is also a ramble section, the members of which visit places of interest in and round London. One of the most interesting features of its programme is the all-night ramble through the streets of London, with visits to newspaper offices, early morning markets, shelters for the homeless, and so on.

Not long ago the rambles witnessed the arrival at Euston Station at 4 a.m. of the oldest mail train in the world. It leaves Aberdeen daily at 3 p.m., and sixty sorters are hard at work on board the train the whole way from Carlisle to London. Afterwards the party went up to Parliament Hill to watch the sunrise over London. To see the myriad twinkling lights below gradually fading into the light of days and the vast panorama of buildings taking shape against the pale blue sky, is to see a sight not likely to be forgotten.

The chief impression such an experience makes is the fact of London's ceaseless activity. Butchers, bakers, florists, fruiterers, journalists, street cleaners, are all hard at work while the rest of us are in bed. Pictures on this page

MAN WHO MADE A STORM

TWO-MILLION VOLT FLASH

Great Electrician Talks of
Wonders that May Come

CAN WE MAKE COAL?

Men of Science have been greatly interested in the production of an electrical pressure of two million volts in an American laboratory, as described recently in the C.N.

This, the greatest man-made electrical pressure ever known on the Earth, was capable of producing power equal to ten million horse-power, greater in strength than the combined output of every electrical generator in the United States. Yet the man who produced this lightning-bolt had it under perfect control all the time. A touch of the switch, and the lightning leaped across nearly eighteen feet; another touch, and the roar and the light faded away.

The Holes in the Wood

Mr. Frank Peek, of Pittsfield, the electrician who produced this great lightning flash in a laboratory, has been talking of his achievement and of the possibilities it holds out.

"The experiments we have been conducting with an electrical discharge of two million volts," he says, "have undoubtedly resulted in the creation of substances or gases not previously existing in materials subjected to lightning strokes. Just what these are, though, we do not know.

"In splitting heavy blocks of wood with lightning we have discovered clean-cut holes mysteriously bored through the blocks. We know that the wood has not been burned away. What has become of it? We are trying to find out. We have found that we can puncture a jar of water with a lightning stroke, and that part of the water instantly disappears. Where does it go? We know it has not evaporated. In both instances the substances have suffered changes which are not explained by any known laws of chemistry or physics."

A Wonderful Spectacle

Mr. Peek suggests that the new development of high voltages may lead to discoveries that will force us to discard known laws of chemistry and physics.

"There is coal, for example," he says. "Nature makes coal by causing chemical changes in vegetable matter which has been driven into the earth. Will it be possible for us to speed up that process? Consider, too, our climate, our weather, the growing of our crops for food. Who will say that in the future it will not be possible to produce rain at will by hurling huge charges of electricity into the air? Or that a warmth, like the warmth of the Sun which causes the seeds in our farmlands to germinate, cannot be supplied to the soil by electricity?"

Some scientists speak of this achievement in the Pittsfield laboratory as the most amazing spectacle offered since Franklin with his kite brought man his first real knowledge of electricity.

The Roar of a Volley

The artificial lightning is produced at Pittsfield by releasing a huge energy that has been impounded in a giant condenser. The condenser towers thirty feet above the floor, and consists of 480 glass plates, coated on both sides with tinfoil, and mounted in 48 frames.

When the switch is moved there is tense silence for an infinitesimal part of a second, and then from the discharge points shoots a huge purplish flame, extending nearly 18 feet from the machine, crackling and roaring like a volley of thousands of rifles.

The spectator is deafened. The flash takes on a lacy texture as it widens out, and the atmosphere of the laboratory is filled with the odour of ozone, such as is noticeable after a severe thunderstorm.

LETTERS AND RAILWAYS

Interesting Figures for a
Year

DAILY TAKINGS OF THE POST OFFICE

The annual report on Post Office business is a mixture of satisfaction and disappointment.

A profit of £3,161,000 had been expected; but actually it has reached £5,511,000.

The telegraph service continues to lose money. The loss on it this year has been £1,500,000.

The telephone service is more appreciated. There was a net increase of 51,000 subscribers.

The Post Office handled 17 million letters and packets and cards each day; there were two and a half million telephone calls.

In money the Post Office takes £4,000,000 a day.

Some interesting railway figures have also been published. In the month of January there was an increase of over three per cent. in the number of passengers compared with last January. The total was 99,205,978. Passenger trains ran 1,484,115 miles in January.

MOTORING TO BAGDAD

Saving Half the Time

Now the journey from London to Bagdad occupies 16 or 17 days. It is expected that in the autumn there will be a mail and passenger service in half the time.

This saving of eight days will be secured by a motor service between Bagdad and the Mediterranean coast crossing the Syrian desert.

Starting from Beirut on the Syrian coast, the run will be to Damascus, and thence to Dunair, where a 425 miles journey across the open desert will begin. Bedouin guides, it is suggested, will show the way for two or more motor cars until they reach the Euphrates at Ramadi, whence a regular travel road runs to Bagdad.

The whole journey from Beirut to Bagdad is 603 miles, and it is expected that it will not need more than 60 hours to complete the run.

Hitherto the quickest way has been by the Red Sea to Bombay, back to Basra on the Persian Gulf, and then up the Mesopotamian plain.

A British company is undertaking the service and has already made successful experimental journeys. The Arabs of the desert promise their friendliness and practical help.

AN ANZAC MAN

Story of a Stormy Night

One of the bravest of swimming feats to save life has recently been enacted at Moreton Bay, in South Queensland, the bay on which Brisbane stands. The hero of it is Leonard Twigg, a young fellow aged 22.

He was out with four comrades in a boat on a stormy night, and it was overturned. His companions clung to the boat, which went adrift in a choppy sea. The only hope was to make known the position and get help, but that could only be done by swimming to a light in the bay two miles and a half away.

Not only was the water rough, but the bay is infested with sharks. Twigg, however, made the attempt, and succeeded. He reached the light, climbed the steel stairway that led to the keeper's quarters, told his story, secured help, and rescued his companions.

His own boat was lost, but the Australian public, who are fine judges of brave deeds, have subscribed £500 to buy him a new one.

UNKNOWN ESKIMOS

RASMUSSEN'S DISCOVERY IN CANADA

Natives of Arctic America Who
Had Never Seen a White Man

THE GRAMOPHONE IN THE SNOW HUT

The famous Arctic explorer Knud Rasmussen, a Greenlander born and nationally a Dane, has been visiting the barren grounds of Canada on the north-western side of Hudson Bay, and has there made discoveries which seem to throw a new light on the origin of that somewhat mysterious race the Eskimos. He finds that five tribes, of whom little is known, live in this region. Two of them live on the coast in the spring and summer, and during the winter retire inland. But three of the tribes live inland and avoid the sea. Their means of existence are reindeer, hunting, and salmon fishing, quite unlike the sealing Eskimos of the coast with whom white people have had acquaintance in the past.

Knud Rasmussen, who speaks the Eskimo tongue fluently, found little difficulty in talking with the inland tribes, the only difference in their speech being that of a variation in dialect. Though at first they were suspicious, some of them having never seen a white man, he quickly gained their confidence, and they became friendly and talkative.

He thinks their presence in the interior strengthens the belief that the Eskimos were originally an American mainland tribe, which wandered to the coast and there found a readier and more certain means of subsistence on the shores frequented by seals.

Civilisation Spreading

The inland tribes have more primitive tools than the coastal tribes, and have not made so near an approach to civilisation. They preserve more fully the early traditions, tales, and superstitions of the race. All the tribes come into occasional touch with the Hudson Bay Company's post on an island in Baker Lake, connected with the Chesterfield Inlet, where they sell the furs of the animals they trap.

The coastal Eskimos are rapidly changing their character. They have begun to use and understand the motor-boat, and instead of snow huts now live in tents, which they enliven by gramophone music imported from civilisation. Some of them are serving as regular sailors on the whaling schooners of the Arctic seas.

PRAIRIE TREES

Forest Planting in Canada

Under the energetic direction of the Canadian Forestry Association and other kindred bodies the recent strenuous efforts to relieve the bareness of the western prairies with trees and shrubs are already showing wonderful results.

Farmers are being encouraged to plant trees on their farms, particularly in the vicinity of their houses and barns, and the Government is giving them every assistance and encouragement. From one nursery alone in Alberta over two and a half million trees have already been distributed over the prairies this year.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

42 old French snuff-boxes . . .	£10,006
A portrait by Gainsborough . . .	£1000
Six-page tract by R.L. Stevenson . . .	£460
Five hundred letters by Ruskin . . .	£140
A Chinese dinner service . . .	£126
Chinese carved lacquer screen . . .	£115
Pickwick Papers, in original parts . . .	£62
Gold medal for Badajoz, 1812 . . .	£61
A Jacobite engraved wineglass . . .	£54
Empress Eugenie's wedding shawl . . .	£54
Letter from George Washington . . .	£40

The shop in London said to be the original of Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop was sold for £2250.

OLD ROBINSON CRUSOE

REMEMBERING HIM ON
A BUS

The House Where Daniel Defoe
Used to Live

A RIDE OUT OF TOWN

A London correspondent sends us this little story of a ride on a bus-top out to Mitcham, a suburb still famous as one of the greatest lavender-growing centres in the world.

The ride is worth while, he says, as an object lesson in the marvellous development of the outer metropolis. From Clapham Common to Mitcham the great broad highway, mile upon mile of shops, might be simply an extension of Brixton or of Oxford Street. Millions of pounds have been spent to furnish that wide road with its amazing number of business premises, some of them fully up to West End standards. To those who have not visited these scenes since boyhood the change is incredible.

Rivals on the Road

But death mingles with life in this almost endless thoroughfare. In a huge yard off the main road there stands a great collection of those old motor-buses which used to run from the West End out into the heart of the country; and, upon rails in an adjoining yard, nearly as many old tramcars.

In life these buses and trams were deadly rivals; in disuse they are neighbours awaiting common dissolution. Probably £100,000 was involved in their purchase; but if we could re-awaken the genius of Dickens he might see in that mournful silence of things that once ran so swiftly material more precious than all the gold, material for a third story of the Bagman's Uncle. The first and most famous was the Bagman's yarn of Tom Smart and the vixenish mare; the second sprang from a collection of derelict stage coaches, like these buses and trams.

The Man and His Work

Our correspondent was musing over the strange spectacle when a kind-hearted workman said:

"Stranger about 'ere, ain't yer, sir?"

"Yes."

"Well, that ought to interest you."

He pointed to an old house with new tiled roof standing back in a garden.

"Crusoe's house that, sir."

"Did Defoe live there?"

"That's where Crusoe lived himself. 'E don't live there now, you know; some builder chap's got it. But he lived there when my old father was a lad, I've heard. Crusoe, you know, the chap as got hisself wrecked on an island, sir."

"Robinson Crusoe" so well preserves its masterly freshness that it might have been written yesterday; but Daniel Defoe, who wrote it, died in 1731, after giving to the world the greatest masterpiece of its kind ever created by human genius. Yet here was a genial, well-meaning soul who mixed the man with his work and confused him with his famous hero.

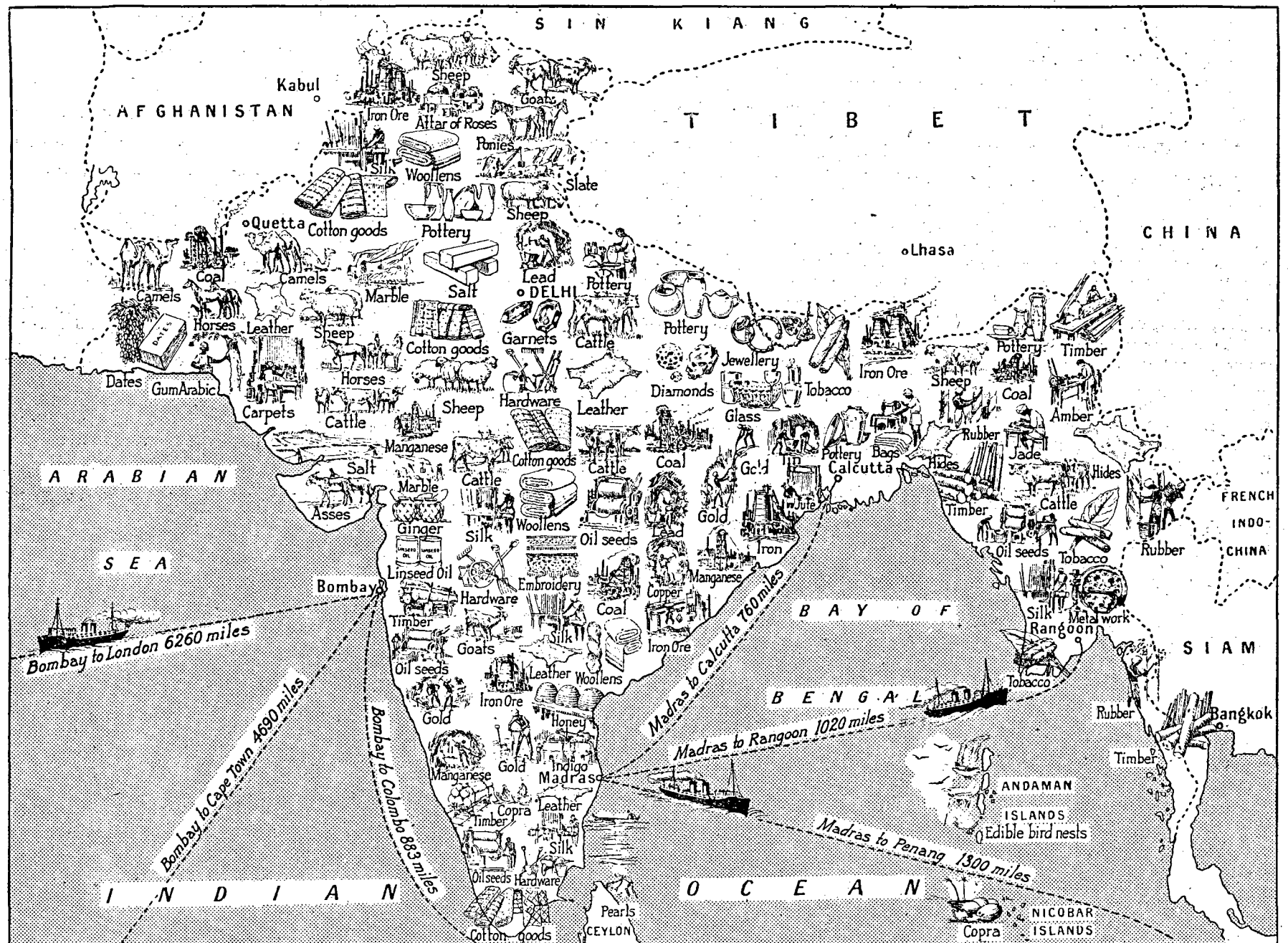
Defoe's House Saved

His facts were wrong, but the house is right, and Defoe did live in it. The building which sheltered the immortal genius for an important part of his life still stands, inhabited.

It has had adventures as disastrous as the derelict buses and trams in the neighbouring yard; it was in as great danger of destruction as they are, but a builder with imagination and pious regard for a glorious memory saved the old ruin from the house-breakers, and himself lives in it.

The house is in good repair and fit for another century or so. It should be a place of pilgrimage for boys who love Daniel Defoe's book, a book which has had a greater influence upon the lives of men who have done thrilling deeds in exploration and discovery than any other English book.

THE IMMENSE NATURAL WEALTH AND INDUSTRIES OF THE EMPIRE OF INDIA



The Most Wonderful Atlas Ever Seen in the World, with Ten or Twenty Thousand Pictures

ONE of the wonders of the world is the Picture Atlas of The Children's Encyclopedia, with the thousands of little pictures on its maps. The number of the C.E. now ready on the book-stalls contains six splendid picture maps of India.

One of these shows a bird's eye view of the country with its chief cities and towns and rivers and mountains; another shows the leading industries of India with the steamship routes to and from the principal ports; another gives the animal life of the Great Dependency, and another its leading plants; one shows its wonderfully interesting natural features, and another the principal events in its romantic history; and yet another, in the following part, illustrates its chief buildings, which are the admiration of all travellers.

On these seven maps, covering 13 pages of The Children's Encyclopedia, there are over a thousand little pictures, and such a series of maps of India has never been prepared before. Here we see at a glance, as it were, the life and activities, the art and nature, of the mighty empire of the East, and there is left on our minds an impression of romance and reality which can never be effaced.

These maps of India are only part of the great Picture Atlas which is now appearing each fortnight in The Children's Encyclopedia. The atlas is absolutely unique; nothing like it has

ever appeared before, and thousands of pounds have been spent, and a large staff of experts engaged, in compiling it.

Altogether there will be about 170 maps with between 10,000 and 20,000 pictures of mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, fossils, plants, industries, historical events, portraits of famous men, and women, historic buildings, natural features, and migration areas and routes. There are over a hundred steamship routes marked, and the atlas is a complete encyclopedia of physical, political, historical, zoological, botanical, geological, and entomological geography.

The whole world is covered, and practically the whole world has been called upon to supply the material for this great atlas. Assistance has been obtained from the High Commissioners and other officials of the British Commonwealths, from British Government Departments, from leading observatories, from various foreign embassies and consulates in London, and from the great steamship companies. More than 170 atlases have been consulted, with thousands of physical, historical, zoological, classical, and geographical maps.

In gathering the facts to be represented on the maps more than 1500 standard works and books of various kinds have been consulted, including 200 works on general and political geography; 220 on natural history; 190 on geology, physiography, and

physical geography; 170 on travel; 160 on history and biography and chronology; 70 on trade and economics; 35 on art; and 30 on architecture. More than 50 large dictionaries and encyclopedias on various special subjects have been made use of.

The greatest care has been taken to see that all dates and figures and facts on the maps are absolutely correct, and where these have varied in different works of reference much time has been spent in comparing figures and investigating sources to arrive at what appear to be the facts, experts in various branches being frequently consulted.

As far as possible scenes and industries and animals have been placed on the map at the spot where they occur; but, of course, in the case of many creatures and industries these are also found in other parts of the countries beside those where they appear. On some maps nearly 300 pictures are given, and months have often been occupied in preparing a single map. Each of these tiny pictures has been drawn with as much care as if it were full size.

The maps contain many features of interest which are difficult to obtain elsewhere. For instance, from the physical map of India we learn that a plumb line held in North India does not hang straight, but leans slightly to the south. The reason for this is surprising. We should naturally suppose

the bob of the plumb-line would be drawn toward the mighty Himalaya Mountains; but, as a matter of fact, these are composed of comparatively light rocks, and the bob is attracted toward the Deccan Plain, which is made up of layers of very dense and heavy rock. This is only one of hundreds of very interesting facts found on these maps.

Perhaps one of the most striking features is the series of lines showing the northern and southern limits of various plants and animals. The lines for the banana, vine, wheat, cereals, coconut, and many other plants are given, and it is interesting to see how the coconut line always follows the coast. The coconut loves the sea air, and can only grow well on or near the coast.

We see how the tiger line cuts off the extreme tip of India and the whole of Ceylon, where we should expect to find tigers, but it takes in part of Siberia, which we should certainly expect to be immune from tigers.

Another line encloses a comparatively small area in Siberia, from which come the finest sables in the world, though why they should be found there only no one can say. The maps of India are typical of the whole series, and the atlas combines in a happy way interest for the boy and girl and educational value for the teacher. The reproduction in line printed above gives but a faint idea of the beauty and finish of these maps.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 18 1923

The Right to be Happy

A GREAT part of thinking London has been talking in the last few months of a play that was so good and so remarkable that it has come to an end—for the plays that run on and on are not the wonderful ones, like R.U.R.

In this play Science was pictured as making mechanical creatures which could perform all kinds of ordinary work done by men as well as men, or even better.

These sham men, all alike, were as much machines as motor-cars. They had no soul, no feeling, no individuality of their own; and, though they were very useful and capable of doing so many kinds of work that scarcely any work was needed from men, the sight of them raised feelings of horror. Many thoughtful lessons were hidden in this unique play, but perhaps the first to strike the onlooker was the emptiness even of a useful creature if it is not linked up with a capacity for joy.

To have no power for joy, no right to joy, no care for joy, what a dismal outlook that is! How unnatural! Nay, how wicked! Yet there are mistaken men and women, not machine-made, who do not feel their call to joyfulness, and would quench the spirit of people who thrill with a natural joy.

Some of them even blaspheme by imagining God, the Creator of the world and the loving Father of the human race, as a sort of grim ogre who cherishes something like spite against His children if they are too joyful. But we are truly thankful that the old idea of the religious duty of being miserable has been killed for ever as a wicked thing.

Look round at the world, at all the things and people that are best in it, and we see that a deep and overflowing joy is at the very heart of healthy life.

To animals, to birds, to children, and to healthy-minded men and women joyousness is as natural as breathing. A well-trained horse is proudly joyful when he does well the work he feels he is master of. An unspoiled dog is filled with joy when you take him for a walk. The birds vibrate with joy. Children, bless them, tire themselves with joy. Truly joy is a universal right, the heart's spontaneous praise of God, and whatever tends to lessen it should be suspected.

It is true that if we rush madly in search of joy we spoil it. If we seek it in outward pleasures and excitements it will tarnish. The joy that wears, the joy that lives even through the stress of sorrow, is that which springs up within us in quick appreciation of the great, simple, beautiful things of life, which abound all round us if we have eyes to see and hearts to feel.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The C.N. Enters for a Prize

A GOOD man in America has offered a hundred thousand dollars for the best world plan for keeping peace. The C.N. submits the following plan: Keep the Ten Commandments.

Back to Hippocrates

IT is a fine thought that every doctor in Europe who honours his profession goes back to Hippocrates for his highest ideal.

Hippocrates lived to be 99, and died about 377 before Jesus. This was the chief clause in his medical oath: "I will keep pure and holy both my life and my art." A medical student tempted to go out on a "rag" might be all the better for recalling these words.

The Tough Job

THOSE who want to stop the madness of class hatred should take as their motto a prayer of the Psalmist,

Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man, and preserve me from the wicked man, who imagine mischief in their hearts, and stir up strife all the day long. They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; adder's poison is under their lips.

It is quite easy to stir up strife. That is why the blessing is for the peacemaker. He tackles the really difficult job.

Working Together

THERE is no great country in the world, said a wise public man the other day, which has not added something to our English speech.

And might he not have said, with equal truth, that there is no great country in the world which has not added something, and could not add something again, to the general happiness and prosperity of mankind?

The countries of the world have much to give each other, and can work together quite well if the politicians will let them.

Pain

A PHILOSOPHER has been writing that he is uneasy because modern man is so keenly aware of pain. But is it not a good thing to be aware of pain, especially of the pain of others?

It is not want of heart but want of thought that is the great evil of this world. It is not unkindness but lack of imagination that prevents the fortunate from being able to realise what the unfortunate have to suffer.

If the men who make wars had a spark of imagination, and could feel the misery endured by the men who have to fight them, there would be no war. If the rich could really feel what it means to be poor, hungry, homeless, and hopeless they would not be able to rest till all these evils had passed away.

So never mind the philosopher; let us try to feel the pain of others as much as we can, and to cure it as if it were our own.

William the Great

AN English penny will now buy twenty thousand German shillings; an English shilling in the ruins of the German Empire is worth ten thousand pounds.

What a great Kaiser he was! He has made every German workman a millionaire.

Tip-Cat

THE Prime Minister wishes Parliament did not sit so incessantly. But if it did not sit people might wonder what it stands for.

THERE have been more swifts than usual this year. The result, no doubt, of so much speeding-up.

A FRENCHMAN admits that even Paris is not perfect. All the same, it is a capital city.

HIGH time: Big Ben.

ORGAN-GRINDERS sometimes earn ten pounds a day. Their luck is always turning.



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW
If a lady with a graceful carriage rides in it

the noise they make in the House.

SOMEBODY reminds us that insects have brains. How else could they know exactly where we have our picnic?

A FAMOUS fiddler has taken to the bagpipes. His friends speak of it as a great blow.

Doing and Talking

THERE is some likelihood that we may have seen the last of the publicity men of the Government Departments who came into existence for propaganda work and have remained among us as a relic of the war.

It will be good to see them go, for their work can hardly be said to have been well done or well worth while since the fighting stopped. Governments which publish Blue Books that nobody will buy have much to learn.

The English-speaking world has the greatest thing on Earth to advertise, and does it badly. Perhaps we are better at doing than at talking.

To a Robin that Died

Though in this world, alas! no more we hear
Your little, joyous, piping, friendly strain;
Yet, in the Blest Hereafter, Bobby dear,
You and ourselves will surely meet again.
C. B. L. HASLEWOOD

Little Altars

By Harold Begbie

IN every shell the sea throws up
To lie on English sands
Is wonder, beauty, power, such
As no man understands.

AND every tint and every scale
Of beetle, moth, and fly,
And every shining wing, declare
The Majesty on High.

NO mountain lifting up its head,
No ocean rolling far,
Shows God more marvellously
than
The smallest things that are.

O BEAUTY coming down the
years,
O wonder none may plan,
O power baffling human thought,
Lift up the soul of man!

Notable Things Just Said

The Prime Minister, speaking to the bankers of the City of London:

I have often felt that, had it been possible to leave the settlement of Europe in the hands of business men, we might have arrived at some settlement long before this.

Dr. Childe, President of the British Medical Association, speaking to doctors:

The greatest educational requirement of the home is the open window, night and day, winter and summer.

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P., speaking to a teachers' conference:

How many obligations have we not to other tongues and civilisations very different from our own? There is perhaps no considerable country that has not contributed something to the speech of our highly diverse and much-travelled race.

Dr. Holland Rose, the historian, speaking at his old school at Bedford:

There is no doubt whatever that this country will have to struggle during the next twenty years through a time more difficult than the twenty years which followed Waterloo.

Lord Burnham, speaking to a conference of 500 teachers:

In this country we have no idea of the enthusiasm and energy being thrown everywhere abroad into educating the people for the work of life.

Sir Robert Blair, Chief Education Officer for the London schools:

The teaching profession is one of the most powerful social forces in any civilised country.

A Member of Parliament representing the intellectual world:

Nobody can float himself into a Parliamentary reputation on froth. In the Commons sincerity, experience, and talent are the qualities which count.

Mr. Philip Kerr, writing in the Observer:

Directly we leave Europe to deal with its own affairs, and France substitutes European fraternity for the sword, the United States will come back into the common councils of mankind.

Sir William MacEwen, the great surgeon, talking of the little we know:

As to Nature as a whole, science is still in deepest darkness, and scientists know as little of the mystery of growth as the minutest speck of protoplasm of the wayside pool.

THE FLIGHT FROM A RUINED EUROPE

KNOCKING AT THE GATES OF AMERICA

One of the Most Remarkable
Effects of the War

DRAMA OF ELLIS ISLAND

By Our America Correspondent

There have been strange scenes in New York Harbour, into which the other day eleven ships raced in four minutes, bearing 15,000 people who wished to enter America.

The ships had delayed their entrance into port until just after midnight, when the "new quotas" began. Behind this odd-sounding phrase lies a remarkable state of things, arising from the feeling that has come over the world since the war that America is a paradise flowing with milk and honey.

Every week thousands of people knock at the gates of America, many of them in vain. It is all a very interesting question.

The great majority of the folk now living in North America come of European stock. First went the English, from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, 300 years ago; then the Irish; then, in varying numbers, people from Germany, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Greece, all alike eager for the new life of opportunity beyond the ocean.

The Flight of Millions

For more than half a century America seemed able to take them all, and to find work and homes for them without difficulty. In the time just before the war more than a million new settlers were entering the United States every year. Man, woman, and child—all were allowed in, so long as they were healthy and had a little money with which to start.

A change came when the war was over. The American people were afraid lest their country should be swamped by many more millions fleeing from a ruined Europe. Congress therefore passed a law which put a severe limit on the number of immigrants. They fixed it at three per cent. only in any one year of the total number of people from any one country who were living in the United States when the census of 1910 was taken.

Dividing the Peoples

They reckon the year as beginning on July 1, and divide the total for the year into twelve, so as to spread the new immigrants evenly over the whole twelve months. We may see how the plan works if we look at what happens to people who go out from England or Scotland. The total number of our people who are allowed to enter America in any one month is about 7000.

When that figure is completed the captain of each immigrant ship is informed on reaching the harbour of New York or Boston that the immigrants he has on board cannot be permitted to land. He has then to decide what he will do; and in many cases he can do nothing but take them back to the port in Europe from which they came. In thousands of cases during the past two years the working of the rule has brought great hardship to the miserable voyagers, most of whom had sold up all they had to buy their tickets.

The New Pilgrims

Whether admitted or rejected, the immigrants, on reaching New York, share in one of the most dramatic and touching dramas in the world. All alike are taken from the steamers a short distance across the harbour to Ellis Island, with room for 1700 people.

There, day by day, is gathered the multitude of the new pilgrims, of all ages and races—the overflow from all the lands of the Old World. To shelter and feed them while they are on the island; to examine their papers and their bodies; to find out whether or not

WHY TWO MEN MET ON A BRIDGE

PRESIDENT HARDING, just before his death, visited Vancouver, and was heartily welcomed there as the first President of the United States to set foot on Canadian soil.

Till President Wilson came to Europe for the Peace Conference it was held firmly by many Americans that if a President left the United States for another country he automatically ceased to be President, and on his return could not regain his office.

So certain did this appear that one President, who had to meet the Mexican President, would not cross the narrow

river separating Mexico from the United States, but arranged the meeting in the middle of a bridge that crossed the stream and joined the two countries.

President Wilson, however, settled the question for ever when he sailed for Europe; and when the lawyers came to look into the matter they found that there was nothing at all in the American Constitution to prevent the President travelling outside the country.

President Harding, therefore, followed his predecessor's example, and was the second American President to stand on the soil of the British Empire.

THE WATCHER ON THE DARDANELLES



Seven English soldiers have just repeated Leander's feat by swimming across the Dardanelles, formerly called the Hellespont. In this fine picture by Lord Leighton, which hangs in the Manchester Art Gallery, we see Hero watching in vain for Leander, who has been overcome by the current on a stormy night and lost in the waves. See next column

Continued from the previous column

they are destitute, whether they can work and what chance there is of their "making good" in America—all this is a difficult task. On the whole it is done well and not unkindly; but it is no wonder that the sifting of the immigrants means, for many of them, disappointment and sometimes terrible misery. They may remain there for days or weeks, the homeless travellers from every land.

The three-per-cent. law, if hard for the immigrant, is not wholly good for America. The country is anxious to welcome new settlers, especially skilled workmen, but it is compelled to turn away great numbers month by month as what is called the quota becomes exhausted.

British people should understand clearly that the law will not soon be altered. The American people have

decided to limit the numbers in order that the new settlers from Europe may not be more in number than they can educate and turn into citizens. Therefore the restrictive law will remain, although it is possible that it may be slightly modified.

So far care has not been taken in the countries of Europe to make the people who are wanting to emigrate understand the rules and conditions of America; but the American consuls are now sending out warnings as widely as possible; and the steamship companies will in future be required to inform the American Government in advance how many people from the different countries are waiting to sail. By this means the suffering will be reduced; but Ellis Island will continue to be the gate of sorrows for thousands of poor Europeans who have left their homes in mingled hope and fear.

SWIMMING THE DARDANELLES

LEANDER'S GREAT FEAT DONE AGAIN

Seven Men Cross the Hellespont
Where Byron Swam

A FAMOUS GREEK ROMANCE

Once again a swimmer has crossed the Hellespont—the Dardanelles, as we call it now. This time, indeed, the swimming has been done, not by one man, but by a team of seven English soldiers.

These men crossed from Sestos, on the European shore, to a point only half a mile below Xerxes Mound; and they did the journey in eighty minutes. By zig-zagging with and against the current they avoided being swept four miles below Sestos, as was the fate of all previous swimmers.

The Guiding Torch

According to the old Greek story it was Leander, the romantic youth of Abydos, who first swam the Hellespont. Abydos was on the Asiatic side of the strait, and on the opposite shore, in the town of Sestos, lived a lovely maiden, Hero, who was a priestess in the temple of Aphrodite.

Leander loved her, and used to swim the strait every night, guided by a lighted torch which Hero set up on a tower as a beacon. But one night, when a fierce tempest was raging, Leander found the current and the waves too strong for him; his strength failed, and he was drowned.

He struggles, he sinks, while the hurricane's breath
Beats rudely away his last farewell in death:
"Sweet Hero, I die for thee."

The waves bore Leander's body to the European shore; and Hero, on learning of his death, threw herself in despair from the tower and perished in the sea.

A Dangerous Course

This swimming of the Hellespont was always regarded as a mere legend, an impossible task which no one could perform; but on May 3, 1810, Lord Byron achieved it in the presence of many spectators; and very proud of the feat he was ever afterwards—not so much because he had succeeded in swimming a dangerous course, but because he had proved that Leander's feat was possible.

Writing to a friend on the same day he said:

This morning I swam from Sestos to Abydos. The immediate distance is not above a mile, but the current renders it hazardous—so much so that I doubt whether Leander's conjugal affection must not have been a little chilled in his passage to paradise. I attempted it a week ago and failed owing to the north wind and the wonderful rapidity of the tide, though I have been from my childhood a strong swimmer. But this morning being calmer I succeeded, and crossed the "broad Hellespont" in an hour and ten minutes.

Byron Writes to His Mother

To his mother he also wrote telling of his feat, and added, "I had no Hero to receive me on the other side of the Hellespont." He wrote a fine poem on Leander's story, called the *Bride of Abydos*, and records his own exploit in the line "These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne."

Since Byron's day one or two swimmers have succeeded in crossing the Dardanelles, though many have failed; but this is the first time a body of swimmers has succeeded, and England is to be congratulated on the prowess of her sons.

The passage is very dangerous. There is always a powerful current, the speed and strength of which are increased by the prevailing winds. Picture on this page

COMETS OF THE INSECT WORLD

THE 17-YEAR CICADAS

Decendants of the Enemies of the Pilgrim Fathers

GREAT STIR IN U.S.A.

By Our Natural Historian

There is a great stir above ground and below in a vast territory of the United States. The 17-year cicadas are coming out of the earth into the daylight, and thousands of men are awaiting them with paraffin, with insect powder, and ready hands to pick the living insects from the trees on which they settle, and put them to death.

These locusts are the most amazing of many species of periodical cicadas. Some of the species live below ground for less than 17 years; but this particular group take 17 years to complete their growth in the darkness of the soil.

A Swarm Every Year

Not all 17-year cicadas appear in the same year. That would never do, for if one immense disaster overtook the whole tribe in a single season an entire species would be blotted out. Nature is not so careless as that.

There is a swarm of the insects every year, each swarm having a different date for maturing. American scientists have mapped the areas of the yearly swarms, and are able to predict the approximate numbers that will appear and the area they will cover.

For the cicadas are like comets: they appear, they disappear, and in due season they reappear. One season has small swarms; another has big swarms; this year's plague is the second largest of the lot in point of numbers as well as in the area of land covered. These will attack 15 States east of the Mississippi.

Events of Seventeen Years

We have many insects in England which take long to pass from the pupa stage to that of the perfect insect. The caterpillar of the goat moth, for example, requires five years to grow up. But these cicadas, which now put off their grub form, take wings, and fly out of the ground to lay their eggs on trees, have been gnawing quietly in the darkness since 1906.

America has had four new Presidents in that time; every sovereign in the world, save two, has been changed; empires have crashed and republics have appeared; nations have changed their names, their masters, and their boundaries; great inventions have come into being, or been perfected, mechanical flight and wireless among them; an awful war has shaken the world, but the life-tide of these myriads of insects has flowed as placidly and as undisturbed as the current of a river.

Putting on Their Wings

A day, an hour, the incident of a moment, may change the destiny of a dynasty, but Nature heeds not such things; she works on with the type and lets the individual go.

Now tens of millions of grubs are busily putting on wings and bustling out of their fastnesses in the earth. They will fly out and mate, after the fashion of ants on ants' swarming-day. They will lay their myriads of eggs in the foliage of trees and shrubs, then die, the purpose of 17 years of preparation having been achieved.

From the eggs will emerge new grubs, which will eat the foliage amid which they are placed. Then the call will come, and they will drop from the boughs and burrow into the earth, not to reappear in daylight until 1940.

Some of the present swarm which went to ground in 1906 will emerge to find villages where prairies were, houses

A LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR FOR THE WOOD

INVALUABLE DISCOVERY

Quick Way of Making Timber Stronger and Better

PROTECTION AGAINST DECAY

By Our Economic Correspondent

We have often insisted in the C.N. how important it is to take care of the world's natural wealth.

Wood, for example, is being used up more quickly than it is grown, and not enough care is taken of the timber in use. Two years ago the C.N. showed how many houses are destroyed because the wood used in them is not properly protected from dry rot, the fungus which eats up unprotected timber.

At last a process has been discovered by which wood can not only be quickly seasoned, but actually made stronger and better. By using it the wood of a tree can be used in a house or piece of furniture soon after the tree is felled.

The inventor of the process is an Englishman, Mr. William Powell, and it is said that his idea originated in the fact that the wooden vats used in sugar refining do not decay. The best of it is that not only is the wood seasoned by the process; it is protected against dry rot and made much stronger.

Destroying the Germs

The treatment is simple. The wood to be Powellised—for the process is named after the inventor—is saturated in sugar. No pressure has to be used to make the sugar pass into the substance of the wood, because sugar has such an extraordinarily penetrating quality. The wood has simply to be placed in tanks of hot sugar solution, which not only enters into the channels of the wood but soaks into its every cell. By the process the wood is completely sterilised, all germs being destroyed.

Another very curious thing occurs. The wood absorbs the solution, which becomes incorporated in its substance so that it becomes firmer. The sap of the green wood is strengthened by an artificial sap which fills all its pores. The result is that the treated wood no longer expands or contracts or cracks.

Improving the Timber

When the wood has been sugared it can at once be dried in a kiln, and it is then ready for use and superior to wood of the same sort which has been carefully seasoned for years by the natural process of air-drying.

Wood that is too brittle for use in good work can be transformed in this manner into really good timber.

The protection which the process affords against the ravages of insects is of particular value in countries where wood is attacked by ants and other pests. Thus, in Western Australia white ants often riddle unprotected wood and render it useless in a very short space of time.

It is a very great pity that something cannot be done to bring such processes into wider use.

Continued from the previous column

and shops where green fields smiled. For men work as untiringly above ground as the cicadas work below. The insects are the ancient inhabitants; men the invaders.

There is no doubt as to their antiquity. It is known that the swarms now appearing are descended from the swarms seen in America when the Pilgrim Fathers landed there from England in 1620. Very terrible it seemed to the Pilgrims that they should find the Land of Promise the home of teeming locusts such as they found described among the plagues sent against Pharaoh.

The locusts were many and the Pilgrims few, but now, while the locusts are fewer, the successors of the Pilgrims number over 100 million souls in the land which gives these pestilent wonders birth and sanctuary.

FRANCE REMEMBERS A MAN

WHO WAS MARC SÉGUIN?

Forgotten Engineer who Came from a Famous Family

PIONEER OF THE WATER TUBE BOILER

The French President has just been to the little town of Annonay, in the Department of Ardèche, to unveil a bust of Marc Séguin, who lived in the town between 1786 and 1875.

Many distinguished men were present at the unveiling, and the President spoke on the great work of Séguin, and referred to the benefits which mankind in all lands had reaped from his achievements.

Who was Marc Séguin, and what did he do that he should thus be praised? Well, although his name is quite unknown to the ordinary reader, he is an inventor almost worthy to be reckoned with Watt and Stephenson, for he made possible the water-tube boiler, the type used for great liners, warships, electric light and power stations.

The First Balloon

He was a French engineer, coming of a family that produced many engineers and several distinguished inventors, including the Montgolfier brothers, who sent up successfully the first balloon that ever floated in the sky.

The family had lived long in Annonay, a little town 37 miles from Lyons, noted for its manufactures of paper and silk, and the Montgolfiers were well-known paper manufacturers there. They are as distinguished in the history of paper as in that of aeronautics, and it was because of their connection with the paper industry that in their first experiments with balloons they used paper as the material for the bag. When this proved useless they took the other material for which their town was noted, and used silk, which proved a success.

Problems of Heat

Stephen Montgolfier, one of the brothers, was a far-seeing man, well in advance of his age, and, at a time when heat was regarded by most scientists as a more or less material substance, this Frenchman had thought out a theory much nearer to the true one held today, and had conceived an idea that a certain amount of mechanical work only could be obtained from a specified amount of heat.

Marc Séguin was a nephew of the Montgolfier brothers, and had, as a boy, been greatly interested in their experiments, particularly in their investigation into heat and its transformation into work. He studied the subject carefully, developed his uncle's ideas, and carried his experiments further. He set forth his views in a book on railways, published in 1839. Steam power was then rapidly coming into use, and Séguin devoted his time to the study of the boiler.

Improving the Boiler

Up to that time boilers had been very inefficient. They consisted mostly of a large vessel containing water which was turned into steam by a fire under it, but George Stephenson had invented a fire-tube boiler.

To obtain more heating surface, an American, Nathan Read, had patented a boiler in which the water was in tubes, the furnace burning round these; but it was Séguin who brought the water-tube boiler to perfection.

He worked out on scientific principles the whole question of the heating surface for the water in a boiler. He found that by using a large number of small tubes instead of a small number of large ones, he could produce steam in much less time. Four tubes each two inches in diameter, while taking up only the same space as one tube four inches in diameter, have a surface exposed to the furnace gases twice as large. The water-tube boiler, therefore, takes less space, and the tubes can withstand very high pressure.

ST. JAMES'S PARK ITSELF AGAIN

LAKE DRY FOR EIGHT YEARS

Charles Stuart's Son and His Birds

A STORY OF MILTON

By Our Natural Historian

St. James's Park is itself again; the water is in the lake, and the water birds are having a good time.

A generation hence people walking in St. James's Park, as their predecessors have walked for centuries before them, will stroll by the lake and claim its inhabitants as living evidence of the continuity of London history.

"Here are birds whose ancestors were introduced into the Park by Charles the Second," they will say, and they will be both right and wrong. Some of the birds there are of older London lineage than the Stuarts, some are recent introductions, but others undoubtedly descend from the stock which were brought in by a king more faithful to birds and beasts than to men and women.

Lake Becomes a City of Huts

There has been a break of eight years in the history of the lake in St. James's Park. Early in the war it was discovered that moonlight on water was clearly perceptible to men in flying machines, so, lest the lake should serve as an airman's guide, the water was run off.

The home of pelicans, ducks, and moorhens was converted into a little city of wooden huts; and those who had business there wrote letters to the War Trade Intelligence Department, Lake Buildings, St. James's Park.

Many birds, fed by kindly hands, managed to survive the change, as their predecessors had survived others. For the lake had not always its present form, nor so numerous a bird family.

Gulls and Sparrows

Originally the park was a marshy waste belonging to a leper hospital, to which St. James's Palace succeeded. The water always afforded sanctuary to native birds, but Charles II caused a long canal and several smaller ones to be constructed, and brought in many birds for the water and for aviaries which bounded that part of the park still called Bird Cage Walk.

Where these sheltered favourites flourish wild birds visit from time to time. Throughout the autumn and winter gulls come in from the sea, tame as the pigeons of St. Paul's; and it was there we learned that gulls eat sparrows, first drowning the little birds and then swallowing them.

The present lake was made from Charles's old canals in the park nearly a century ago. It was on those canals in Charles the Second's time that skating, copied from Holland, was first practised in England.

Milton and the King

It was by those waters that the famous interview between blind Milton and brutal, taunting James II is said to have occurred.

The anecdote makes the king say to the stricken republican poet, "Is not your blindness to be regarded as a judgment from Heaven upon you for daring to take up your pen against Charles the First, my father?"

"Be it so, sir," Milton answered; "but what, then, must we think of the execution of your Highness's father upon the scaffold?"

What tales these birds of St. James's might tell us if they could speak the secrets they have inherited of such scenes round about their domain!

THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

FUJIYAMA

JAPAN'S SLEEPING VOLCANO

For the first time in history Fujiyama, the Sacred Mountain of Japan on the island of Honshu, has been climbed by a member of the Mikado's family.

It was announced the other day that the Prince Regent, accompanied by a small escort, had made the ascent, travelling for the first part of the journey on horseback, and in the last stages on foot. Three hours were spent at the top of the mountain.

This climb has made the Prince Regent very popular, for in Japan Fujiyama, the highest mountain in the island empire, is regarded with both affection and reverence. It is a great place of pilgrimage for Buddhists, about 20,000 of whom go to the top every year to visit the shrines there and drink of the golden and silver springs, which are credited with something of the virtues of the elixir of life. Indeed, an old legend says the elixir of life was taken to the summit in days of old.

Praises Sung by Poets

But it is not only the religiously inclined who regard the mountain with something akin to reverence. Every Japanese has an affection for it, and it figures on pottery and in pictures as a kind of symbol of Japan. Japanese literature is full of its praises, and a poet who lived before Alfred the Great wrote:

A treasure art thou given to mortal man,
A god-protector watching o'er Japan;
On thee for ever let me feast my eye.

The mountain, which is 12,390 feet high, is a dormant volcano, and steam still issues from several spots on the crater lip, so that tourists are able to cook eggs there.

Pilgrims making the ascent always wear white garments, and these, on returning to the base, they have stamped by a priest as a proof that they have been up the mountain. Then the garments become precious heirlooms, and are handed down from father to son.

First Woman to Reach the Top

The mountain is divided into ten stations, with shrines at each, and formerly no woman was allowed to go beyond the eighth station. Now, however, this rule is abolished, and women, both native and European, go to the top. Lady Parkes, an Englishwoman, was the first to tread the top in October, 1867. Seven years earlier Sir Rutherford Alcock climbed the mountain, the very first European to go up Fujiyama.

The journey is an exceedingly interesting one, for, starting at the foot where semi-tropical plants grow, the traveller passes through every kind of vegetation till he reaches almost Arctic plants at the summit, which is covered with snow for ten months of the year.

Fujiyama's Last Eruption

Geologically Fujiyama is a young volcano. Almost circular in form, with gently-sloping sides, it is ninety miles round at the base. The last eruption took place in December, 1707, and continued for two months into 1708, when the plains all round were buried in ashes to a depth of ten feet. Villages were blotted out, the sky was darkened at Tokio (then called Yeddo), sixty miles away, and black clouds of dust were blown far out to sea.

According to an old tradition, Fujiyama rose from the earth in a single night about 300 years before Jesus was born, and at the same time Lake Biwa, near Kioto, 140 miles away, sank. Exactly what happened, however, is not known.

There is no doubt that this dormant volcano, with its beautiful snow-capped top, is the most hallowed object in Japan.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all questions sent in.

How Long Does the Eagle Live?

Eagles have been known to live a century, and they may occasionally live longer.

What are the Holes and Lines that appear on Aspidistra Leaves?

They are possibly the work of one of the many leaf-borer beetles that are found in Great Britain.

What is the Whip-Ray?

This is another name for the sting-ray of the Atlantic Coast of the United States. Its scientific name is *Dasyatis centrurus*.

How Old is London University?

It was founded in 1836, and in 1858 its degrees, which had been confined to members of colleges affiliated to it, were open to all.

What is the Vulgar Era?

The Christian Era, beginning with the supposed date of the birth of Christ. The word Vulgar is used in its old sense of common, or general.

Who Made the First Book?

No one invented the book; it has gradually evolved in its present form through the ages from the inscribed clay tiles made by the Chaldeans, 7000 years or more ago.

Should a Dog's Tail be Docked?

No; this is a cruel practice which has nothing to commend it. It spoils the natural balance of the animal and gives it a mutilated appearance, which can never be true art.

Which Country Has the Most Windmills?

In proportion to its size undoubtedly Holland, which has more than ten thousand windmills, used for drainage. The United States, however, probably has far more.

What is Ball Lightning?

Ball lightning is a peculiar form of lightning, often very destructive, which is now believed to be merely a discharge of great quantities of electricity, not different in kind from forked or streak lightning.

What is Willemite?

It is a white, yellow, or brown mineral which is found near Aix-la-Chapelle, and in Corinthia and Serbia. It is also found in New Jersey, U.S.A. It is a silicate of zinc, is very hard, and is found in small crystals, and in granular or kidney-shaped masses.

Why are the Buttercups Called by the Scientific Name Ranunculus?

Ranunculus is a diminutive form of the Latin word rana, a frog, and means a little frog. The name was given to the buttercups and crowfoots because young frogs love the damp places where many of these plants grow.

What is a Peppercorn Rent?

A merely nominal rent. At one time a dried berry of black pepper, practically of no value, was given yearly by a tenant living rent free as an acknowledgment that the tenement belonged to the person receiving the peppercorn.

Can We See Steam?

Steam is the invisible vapour of water, that is, water in a gaseous condition. What we call steam, the cloud that comes from the spout of a boiling kettle, is not really steam but tiny drops of water. It is the steam condensed back again into water.

What is the Difference Between a Pansy and a Viola?

Viola is the scientific name for a number of species of plants of the Violaceae, or violet, family, and includes the violets, pansies, and violas. The sweet violet is the *Viola odorata*, and the common pansy, or heartsease, is the *Viola tricolor*.

Who Invented the Staff Notation in Music?

No one can be said to have invented it. It is the outcome of the combination since the eleventh and twelfth centuries of a letter notation of the early Middle Ages with a kind of stenographic notation called Neumes, which was probably of Greek or Roman origin.

How Did Guinea, in Africa, Get its Name?

This is the English spelling of the Portuguese Guiné, a fifteenth-century corruption of the Negro name Ginnie; a town on the Niger and capital of a Negro kingdom. Our first guineas were coined from gold brought, in 1663, from a part of this country, which was called, owing to the presence of the mineral, the Gold Coast.

What Makes Stars Twinkle?

The reason for the twinkling of the stars is not fully understood. Being a very tiny beam, the light may be interfered with by the various layers of air as it comes through our atmosphere. But it is thought also that coming such immense distances the light interferes with itself, so that it comes in little beats, much in the same way as the sound of an organ or piano gets louder, and then less loud, backward and forward. That also is called a beat.

What is the Plural of Octopus?

Octopi or octopuses. It is more usual in these days to use the English form octopuses.

What is Naology?

This is a name that has been used for the study of temples, and comes from the Greek word naos, meaning a temple.

If a Mountain Expedition Ran Short of Water, Could the Men Use Snow?

Certainly; the Eskimos of Greenland and North America drink melted snow.

How Long Does the Linnet Live?

Linnet in captivity have lived 23 years, but probably in nature they live less, owing to natural enemies and other causes.

How Many Feet Are There in a Nautical Mile?

The nautical mile has 6077 imperial feet, as against the 5280 feet of the statutory mile, and 6080 feet of the Admiralty mile.

What is a Plover's Egg Like?

The golden plover's egg is pear-shaped, stone colour or buff, spotted and blotched with brown or purplish grey, and two inches long.

Is Black a Colour?

No; an object appears black when all the colours that make up the light shining upon it are absorbed and none at all is reflected to our eyes.

What are the Little Black Lines on the Front Page of the C.N.?

They are a code indicating the date of the paper for quick observation when dealing with back numbers.

How is Artificial Ice Made?

It is made in a special apparatus by condensing ammonia or carbon-dioxide and then allowing these to evaporate, when they take up so much heat that water in the apparatus is frozen.

How Does Mistletoe Come on Trees?

The seeds are planted on the branches of trees by birds cleaning their beaks after eating the sticky berries. They rub their beaks backward and forward, and the seed is rubbed off and takes root.

Is the Metal Potassium Soluble in Water?

It does not dissolve as a metal in the same way as sugar dissolves, but it disappears because it combines with the water, liberating the hydrogen and forming potassium hydroxide, which is soluble.

What is the Circumlocution Office?

This was a term of contempt invented by Charles Dickens in *Little Dorrit* to ridicule public offices where each person tries to shift every act off on to some one else, and where a matter has to pass through many departments before it is dealt with effectively.

Why is a Church Lectern Usually an Eagle?

It is said to have been adopted because the eagle was regarded as the natural enemy of the serpent, the form under which the Prince of Evil is personified in the Bible, and the two outspread wings were intended to represent the two Testaments.

Who Invented the Lifeboat?

It is claimed that a Frenchman named de Bernières designed a lifeboat in 1765, but William Wouldhave, an Englishman, was the father of the self-righting lifeboat; and George Greathead, another Englishman, actually built the first lifeboat at Newcastle in 1789. It was used for thirty years, and saved hundreds of lives.

What is the Average Height of an Englishman, Scotsman, and Irishman?

A man's greatest height is at the age of 28 to 30. Different statistics give slightly different figures, but the following seem to be about the average: Englishman and Scotsman, 67.4 inches; Irishman, 67 inches.

How Many Different Papers are Published in the United States?

Including Hawaii, the Philippines, and Porto Rico, 20,887, published in 10,025 separate places. Of these 2382 are dailies, 13,660 weeklies, and the remainder are published at greater intervals—monthly, quarterly, and so on.

Who was the First Poet Laureate of England?

There is no record of the origin of the office, but in the reign of Henry the Third there was a King's Poet, who must have been a kind of laureate. In 1389 Chaucer took the title of Poet Laureate, but the first Poet Laureate in the modern sense seems to have been Edmund Spenser.

What are the Broad Arrow Marks Seen on Pavements and Walls?

These are Ordnance Bench Marks, and indicate that the district has been surveyed by Ordnance Survey engineers. The figures often given show how high the stake over the broad arrow is above the mean level of the tide at Liverpool.

TRIPLE STAR

STRANGE VARIATIONS IN BRIGHTNESS

Pair of Green Suns that Travel Round a Red Sun

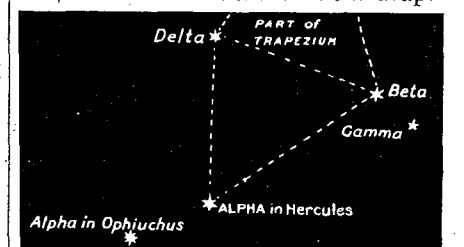
WATCHING SOMETHING HAPPEN 55 YEARS AGO

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The constellation of Hercules has for some weeks past been a celestial hunting-ground for astronomers.

For it is there they have been searching for the little comet known as D'Arrest's. For the next three weeks it is expected to be somewhere to the south of Hercules, and in the constellation of Ophiuchus, when it will be at its brightest.

Hercules contains other celestial marvels besides those described in recent numbers of the C.N. Our star map shows a continuation southward of the Trapezium area of Hercules given in the C.N. for August 4. These stars may, therefore, be found high up and due south after dark.



Part of Hercules below the Trapezium, showing position of Alpha in Hercules.

Most remarkable of all is Alpha in Hercules, also known as Ras Algethi. This star, seen to be decidedly reddish, forms an almost equilateral triangle with the stars Beta and Delta at the bottom of the Trapezium. It must not be confused with Alpha in Ophiuchus, the much brighter star to the left.

Alpha in Hercules is a star that has received much attention from astronomers, partly because it exhibits singular irregular variations in brilliance, and also because it has a most interesting sixth magnitude companion.

Beautiful Contrasts

This smaller star is of a bright green tint, which contrasts beautifully with the ruddy hue of the larger third magnitude star. If this more brilliant star were not there the smaller one would be just visible to the naked eye. As it is, an astronomical telescope is necessary to show them both.

Actually an enormous distance separates them, calculated to be 260 times the distance the Earth is from the Sun, or about 24,180 million miles. So this green star is about nine times farther away from its great red central sun than Neptune is from our Sun.

Now, this smaller green star is found to be composed of two great flaming worlds—or, shall we say, planetary suns, for together they radiate half as much light again as our Sun, so they must be immense bodies. These whirl round a central point between them in 51½ days, while the pair are believed to go round the great central sun in an immense orbit that takes hundreds—perhaps thousands—of years to cover.

Convulsions in a Distant Sun

This red central sun is calculated to radiate about sixteen times as much light as our Sun, and to be between seven and eight times as massive; but the light fluctuates enormously from third magnitude to almost fourth, and in a most irregular way that suggests that it results from internal convulsions, or possibly the pulsations of an immense fiery gaseous envelope.

The distance of this wonderful far-off stellar solar system has been found trigonometrically to be about 3,600,000 times as far as our Sun, and its light has been 55 years getting here. When we observe these stars, relative to one another, therefore, we see them, not as or where they are now, but as they were 55 years ago.

G. F. M.

THE HEIR OF A HUNDRED KINGS

The Strange Adventures
of a Schoolboy in Africa

: : Told by
Herbert Strang

CHAPTER 49

Sanka-Ra Asserts Himself

"My dear boy!" cried Dr. Paradine, as Roger burst through the escort.

Hassan beamed on him.

"It really is you?" said Uncle James, quizzing his costume.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" said Roger. "It's seemed such a frightfully long time. But how did you come? How did you get in?"

"We were searching for you," replied Mr. Paradine. "I confess I feared something terrible had happened, that you had fallen down some precipice and broken your neck. The doctor was more hopeful."

"I was, I was," said the doctor blinking rapidly.

"We came to a rift in the valley, and pushed through," Mr. Paradine went on. "There was a stream below, and I saw the barrel of a rifle sticking up out of the water at the brink. I clambered down and pulled it out: it was yours. We couldn't see any other sign of you, but pushed on; came into a narrow pass and were stopped by what seemed to be a wall of rock."

"While we were wondering what to do we heard a click behind us. An unseen door had closed; we were shut in. And then, high above us, we saw some men who appeared to be on the point of toppling some ugly-looking rocks down upon us."

"I know," said Roger. "What then?"

"Why, then, it was hands up; surrender at discretion. These queer-looking people came to us, took my rifle and the doctor's umbrella, and marched us along as prisoners. Your Uncle Ben grew very excited; he declared we had stumbled into the lost kingdom of Sanka-ra."

"So you have, Uncle," exclaimed Roger excitedly.

"I knew it!" said the Doctor. "This is the proudest moment of my life."

"You're easily pleased," said his brother dryly. "But what's the meaning of this crowd? Why are you rigged up in that extraordinary fancy dress?"

"Oh, I'm the king!" Roger answered quietly, and then he waited to enjoy the effect of his words. Mr. Paradine stared.

"A touch of the sun, my lad? Unluckily our medicines are at the camp."

"I'm not cracked, Uncle," laughed Roger. "These people take me for Sanka-ra."

His uncles gazed at him in speechless amazement.

"Here comes the high priest," Roger went on hurriedly. "You're in great danger. I must think what to do. There's no time for explanation now. By and by I'll tell you everything."

The high priest came up at the head of a group of his inferiors. Suleiman was at his side.

"There are strangers in the land of Kush," said the priest. "They are our captives. By our law they shall die."

Roger had been thinking rapidly. As Suleiman translated the priest's words he realised that it was time to play a strong hand. Composing his features to an expression of authority—greatly to the amusement of his uncles—he said to Suleiman:

"Tell the high priest that the strangers are my friends. They come here as my guests. Bid the guard fall back. I will myself lead the way to the palace."

The presence of his people gave Roger a new confidence.

The high priest was taken aback.

Before he could utter a protest the priests and warriors who had escorted the prisoners dropped behind, and Roger led the procession through the ranks of the silent wondering crowd to the palace of Sanka-ra.

CHAPTER 50

Uncle Ben is Impressed

At the gate stood the chamberlain.

"Prepare a royal repast for my guests," said Roger. "When they have eaten and drunk I will send for the priests and counsellors and all the wise men, and we will consider what is further to be done. Let the strangers' belongings be stored under guard."

The chamberlain led the way to the banqueting hall. At his command the royal servants spread the table for a feast.

By this time Mr. Paradine's eyes were twinkling with amusement. The Doctor looked about him with an air of intense curiosity and delight.

"You carry it off well, my lad," said Mr. Paradine.

"If you only knew how I'm shaking inside!" said Roger. "I'll get rid of the servants, and then explain everything." He laughed suddenly. "They don't understand a word I say, so it doesn't matter."

Roger related faithfully all that had happened since his involuntary arrival in the land of Kush.

"It is clear that I owe my life to the madness of old Hoteb the Seer," he said. "He declared I was Sanka-ra as soon as he saw the golden bead. It was as if he had been expecting me—or someone."

"Achmet!" ejaculated Mr. Paradine.

"Yes; I have come to think so. Where is Achmet?"

"We left him in charge of the camp; only our servants and the camel men are with him."

"Achmet, I can't doubt, is the long-lost heir, and that one-eared wretch Keb knows it, and has been trying to do for him. I can't help thinking, too, that Muleh has been biding his time, coming back to this country secretly in order to keep alive the hopes of the adherents of the old royal family."

"That explains what you call the madness of the old seer," said Mr. Paradine. "Muleh had led him to expect the return of the heir, and when he saw the golden bead he jumped to the conclusion that you were the man. That's what comes of being tall for your years, my lad."

"Jolly lucky I am," said Roger, "or I'd have been dead before this. Have you seen anything more of Muleh, by the way?"

"Yes. He came in the other day and had a long talk with Achmet. From what you have now told me I gather that he was coming here to make final arrangements for Achmet's return. But he was put off by your disappearance, and agreed to help in the search for you."

"The Basé haven't turned up again?"

"No; but Muleh reported that a large band of slave-raiding Numidians was in the neighbourhood, likely to be more formidable than the Basé. When Muleh found the way into the temple barred I dare say he returned to the camp to keep an eye on Achmet."

"I hope nothing happens to Achmet. He may jolly well have the throne of Kush as soon as he likes, for I'm sick of it!"

Dr. Paradine had taken no part in the conversation, nor, indeed, had he paid much heed to it, so absorbed was he in contemplation of his surroundings.

He examined the hieroglyphics and decorations on the walls, the appointments of the table, the vessels brought in by the servants. When the banquet was ready and the band of four musicians appeared with harp, lyre, double pipe, and guitar, he heaved a sigh of beatific satisfaction. And when the servants hung garlands around the necks of the guests, and offered them goblets of wine upon their knees, he could contain himself no longer.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Kush is the most marvellous survival in history. They talk of Pompeii, but Pompeii is dead. Kush is alive. We are back three thousand years in the civilisation of ancient Egypt."

"Come out of it, Ben," said his brother. "We are in an uncommonly tight situation. We are mixed up in very modern rivalries; we're prisoners; we don't know how to get out of this extraordinary country, but get out we must."

"Meanwhile let's have a good feed," said Roger. "The ancient Egyptians did themselves uncommonly well, you'll admit. I wonder I'm not bilious, for I never had so much roast goose before."

CHAPTER 51

A Message from the Priests

Dr. PARADINE and Roger did full justice to the excellent fare provided. The Doctor fed his mind rather than his body. Old Hassan of the white beard consumed a plentiful meal in the servants' quarters.

The table had hardly been cleared when the chamberlain announced a messenger from the high priest.

A young man entered. He bowed low before Roger, and delivered his message with an air of extreme nervousness.

Suleiman looked a little blue as he translated it. The high priest had sent word that the priests of Amen-ra, in general council assembled, demanded the surrender of the strangers, to be tried under the ancient laws of the land of Kush.

"Let the messenger wait without," said Roger.

"Now, Ben," said Mr. Paradine, "perhaps that will bring you back to the present. We are to be tried for our lives."

"Well, we have nothing to fear," said the Doctor. "We have done no wrong."

"Except to poke our noses in where they weren't wanted. They talk of a trial, but I suppose the verdict is certain."

"I'm afraid it is," said Roger. "I was spared because, there was no king at the moment, to confirm the sentence. As king I can, of

course, refuse to confirm any sentence against you, and I will."

"The priests are evidently in an ugly temper," said Mr. Paradine. "From what you have told us it is pretty certain that the high priest is in league with that one-eared villain, and has a considerable backing in the country. If you set yourself definitely against him—"

"Uncle, don't say any more," Roger interrupted. "It's got to be a trial of strength now. I'm either Sanka-ra or I'm not, and if I am, I'll jolly well show them. If I'm not—well, we're all in the same boat. It's sink or swim. Call in the messenger."

The youth came in, looking even more unhappy than before.

"Return to those who sent you," said Roger. "Tell them that these strangers are my friends, and my guests. Who affronts them affronts me. Bid them beware the anger of Sanka-ra! Begone!"

When Suleiman had translated this peremptory command, the messenger bowed himself to the ground and withdrew.

"How did I do that, Uncle?" cried Roger gaily.

"Excellent," said Mr. Paradine, with a rather wry smile. "Henry the Second and Becket, eh? 'Who will rid me of this turbulent priest?'"

"I say, I never thought of that. Henry Irving, eh? D'you think I might go on the stage when we get back?"

"You'll go back to school. Rather a come-down. Meanwhile you must play out your part here. It won't be fun. I'm pretty sure there's trouble ahead."

"In ancient Egypt the priesthood was often at variance with the Pharaohs," said the Doctor. "I remember—"

"Hang ancient Egypt!" cried Mr. Paradine. "Here in Kush the priests seem to have a good deal of power. Come, Roger, if there's to be trouble, we may as well prepare for it. It won't do to knuckle under. There are people you can trust?"

"My personal attendants will be faithful, I think. Suleiman knows pretty well which of the warriors do not side with Keb."

"Very well. Then let Suleiman—I beg your Majesty's pardon—"

"Rot, Uncle," said Roger, smiling. "You say what ought to be done, and you can leave me to see that they do it."

"Then let Suleiman select twenty or thirty men, arm them with their ancient weapons, and set them as a guard about the palace. My rifle is among our things, yours too, but I don't know whether that's any longer usable. Unluckily, I haven't much ammunition. Your Uncle Ben has his umbrella, but he's too much taken up with the ancient Egyptian civilisation to be any good as a fighting man."

"What's that?" cried the Doctor, jerking his head up. "Who talks of fighting?"

"My dear fellow, it will be more than talk soon. But go on day-dreaming. You'll wake up by and by."

Suleiman, with the willing assistance of Hassan, set about carrying out Roger's orders. Within an hour a number of warriors, armed with swords, javelins, or bows and arrows, stood on guard within the door. The two rifles and the green umbrella were restored to their owners.

"Just in time!" said Mr. Paradine. "Look there."

They had gone up to the balcony overlooking the courtyard. Along the road a procession of priests was seen advancing, the high priest at their head.

"They mean mischief, judging by their black looks," Mr. Paradine continued. "Your Majesty, I am much afraid the revolution has begun."

Five-Minute Story

Frank Forgets

EVERYBODY knew how forgetful Frank was.

"Frank would go without his head if it were loose," his father often said. And Frank would get very red and resolve never to forget things again.

"Here, Frank Hilden," said the schoolmaster, one evening. "I want you to take this note home to your dad. Don't forget to give it him. There's a tree down across the road in Walton Lane, and he might not see it cycling along in the dark."

Frank took the note, but he was only listening with one ear to what the schoolmaster said, for he wanted to race Ted Smith home.

Maisie met him at the gate.

"Hurry up, Frank!" she cried. "There are strawberries for tea! Dad has to start in a minute."

Frank and Maisie's father was the village postman, and through the illness of another man he had an unusually long round that night. Frank was so hungry after his race, and so busy with the strawberries, that he quite forgot the note till, soon after Dad had started, he happened to put his hand into his pocket.

"Oh, Maisie," he cried in horror, "I've never given Dad the master's letter!"

Luckily, Mother was not in the room. Already Frank was remembering about the tree which had fallen across the road. It was just possible he might reach the top of Walton Lane before his father went round that way on his road to the Manor. Without waiting even to snatch up his cap, Frank rushed away. It was a dark, cloudy evening; soon it would be too dark to distinguish objects in front of one at all, and Dad would bicycle right into that tree without suspicion of his danger.

Never had Frank run so fast in his life. His breath came short and difficult to draw. He stumbled more than once, yet he forced himself along. Always before his eyes rose the vision of his father swinging round the corner of the little lane and crashing into the unseen barrier across his path. Suppose he were too late!

Reeling forward in the darkness, the poor boy reached the turning which led into the lane. Was he too late? Again he tripped, and, in his anguish, screamed aloud.

A light gleamed, someone shouted, a bell rang. A man had sprung from his bicycle.

"Who is that?" called a voice. *It was his father.*

Frank could not speak at first. The horror of the thought that another minute might have been too late kept him speechless.

He just clung sobbing to his father. It was some time before Sam Hilden could make out the story. Then, unfastening his lamp, he wheeled his machine forward. There lay the tree, into which he might so easily have crashed.

"Thank God!" he said very softly.

Buy your little Brother or Sister

CHICKS' OWN

This jolly paper is specially written and printed for VERY little children. Only easy words which *any* child can understand are used, and they are divided into syllables to make reading easy. With CHICKS' OWN children learn to read while enjoying to the full its bright Coloured Pictures, splendid stories, and funny jokes. Buy a copy TODAY. It is on sale every Tuesday.

Price 2d.

TO BE CONTINUED



The Glowing Sun Shines Over Fields of Corn



D! MERRYMAN

A BOY was very late for breakfast one morning, and his father told him severely that he must not be so late again.

"Late!" exclaimed the boy. "Why, I was up with the lark this morning!"

"Well," replied his father, "in future don't remain up with the lark so long. Come down in good time for breakfast."

Is Your Name Gilchrist?

THIS name means Christ's servant, and probably the ancestor of the Gilchris was a preacher or ecclesiastic.

The prefix Gil, meaning a servant, enters into many English surnames, such as Gilroy, red servant; Gil-mour, big servant; Gillies, servant of Jesus; Gillespie, bishop's servant; and so on.

WHAT is that which is black, but enlightens the world? Ink.

A Catch Question

"How many fish have you caught, sonny?" asked a gentleman who saw a little boy fishing by the side of a stream.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, "when I've caught another I shall have one."

WHAT kind of words should a parrot use in talking? Polysyllables.

Uncle Harry's Apples

UNCLE HARRY visited his nephews, bringing with him a bag of apples, and these he distributed according to the proportion of marks the boys had obtained on their school reports.

To Alf he gave the least number, because that nephew had the fewest marks; to Bob he gave three times as many apples as to Alf; and to Tom twice as many as to Bob. Sid was away from home at the time, but Uncle Harry saved the right proportion for him, which was four. The total number of apples was twice as many as Tom had.

How many apples did Uncle Harry take with him in the bag, and how many did each nephew receive?

Solution next week

Kill That Fly

THERE was a young lady of Troy, Whom several large flies did annoy;

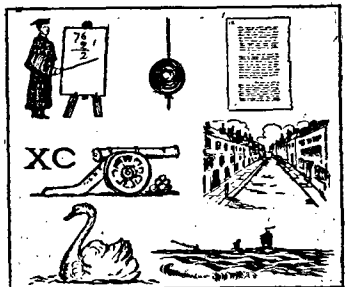
Some she killed with a thump, Some she drowned at the pump, And some she took with her to Troy.

EDWARD LEAR

WHAT is the difference between a receipt and a man who has dined well?

The one is signed and dated, the other dined and sated.

Name and Address



These pictures represent a name and address. Can you find out what they are? Solution next week

WHEN are the streets of a town very greasy?

When the rain is dripping.

What Am I?

SINCE time began my age I date, Yet still retain my youthful state;

And if I live till all things moulder, I never shall be one day older. I'm that which none can ever see, And what now is shall never be; I always rise with every morn, And yet must die before I'm born. Parties I ask to dine with me, But with them I can never be; As long as time remains the same, So long shall I retain my name. And though my life is but a span, Yet time must die before I can; To find me out this clue I'll give: If time were dead I could not live.

Answer next week

Fair Division

THREE men went into a restaurant and ordered supper, so the waiter brought two large steaks and placed them in front of one of the men, who proceeded to serve the meal.

Putting one of the steaks on his own plate, he divided the other one between his two friends, who naturally protested that this was not a fair division.

"But I think it is quite fair," said the man. "There is one for you two, and one for me too."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Built-up Word Spur-LOU's

What Am I? A stick

Alphabet and Arithmetic

TREE + BOOT + HEN = BEE + LAMP =

ROOT - PALM = THEN

Who Was He?

The Poet of Athens was Aristophanes

A Proud Day for Bingo

ONE day Jacko came in, to find two armchairs drawn up by the fire. In one sat Baby, wrapped in blankets; in the other lay dog Bingo, eating chocolate biscuits.

Mrs. Jacko kept running from one to the other till she got quite muddled, and cried "My darling child!" as she kissed Bingo, and "Good faithful dog!" as she patted Baby.

"What on earth is the matter?" asked Jacko.

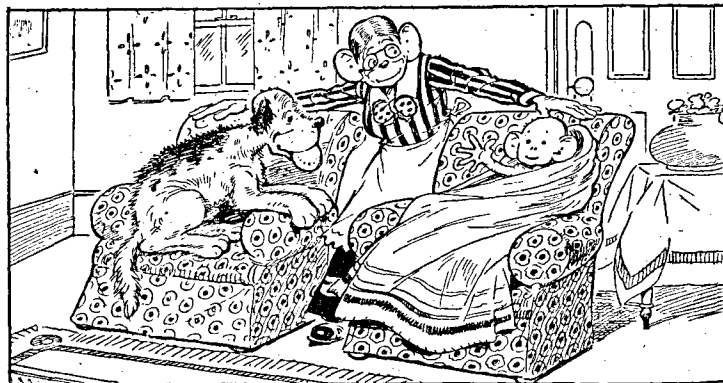
"Oh, Jacko!" cried his mother. "I'll never say a word against your dog again. A wonderful thing has happened. We were walking near the river, and Baby had run on ahead. All at once his foot slipped, and he over-balanced, and fell in! I felt that I should die."

"And did you?" asked Jacko.

"But before I could even call out," continued Mrs. Jacko, "Bingo jumped into the water, and seized Baby's collar in his teeth. He held Baby's head up, and swam ashore. Oh, dear, good Bingo! You've saved my child's life!"

Whereupon she gave Bingo another kiss and another biscuit.

"What a fuss, when it was only Baby!" said Jacko. "Why, it might have been me! I say, I can find a better use for those



Mrs. Jacko ran from one to the other

biscuits than giving them to a dog; he'd be quite satisfied with a bone."

"Nothing is too good for Bingo now," declared Mrs. Jacko.

Master Bingo was having a very good time.

A week later a policeman called at the house.

"I've come to see about a dog, ma'am," he said. "In the last two or three days I've had several complaints about a dog that answers to the description of yours."

"It can't be ours," returned Mrs. Jacko. "Our dog is as good as gold. He never poaches, never chases fowls, never—hardly ever—bites people, and he saved my child's life."

"Well, ma'am," said the policeman, "he isn't accused of worrying rabbits or chickens. But they say he's made the bathing unsafe. People who've taken their dip in the river regular daren't go in. No sooner does he see a swimmer than in he goes, chases 'em, scratches 'em, and tears their bathing dress."

"Oh, I see what it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Jacko. "It's because we praised him so for saving Baby. He wants to rescue them."

"Well, he mustn't do it," replied the policeman.

As Jacko says, this is not a land for heroes to live in.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Farmer's New Friend

A farmer in Missouri has invented a new way of making a living. He lets out goats to do work hitherto performed by men.

The other day this curious advertisement appeared in the newspapers of Stone County, Missouri: "For Rent: Four thousand Angora goats for the season at 50 cents a goat. Guaranteed to clear farm lands of undergrowth and rubbish."

The farmer raises large numbers of Angora goats and leases them out to other farmers to nibble uncleared farm land, clearing it of useless plants and making it ready for cultivation.

These Angora goats will eat practically anything that grows, and their owner makes his income in different ways. First of all he obtains the rent from those who hire his animals, then he saves the money that would be expended in food, and finally he gets a considerable sum from the mohair that the goats yield.

Le Nouvel Ami du Fermier

Un fermier du Missouri vient d'inventer une nouvelle façon de gagner sa vie. Il loue des chèvres pour faire la besogne faite jusqu'ici par des hommes.

L'autre jour cette annonce curieuse parut dans les journaux de Stone County, Missouri: "A louer pour la saison: quatre mille chèvres Angora à raison de 50 cents lachèvre. On garantit de débarrasser des broussailles et des immondices le terrain des fermes."

Le fermier élève un grand nombre de chèvres Angora et les loue aux autres fermiers dans le but de les faire brouter sur les terres incultes, débarrassant celles-ci de plantes inutiles et les préparant à la culture.

Ces chèvres Angora mangent à peu près tout ce qui pousse, et leur maître gagne sa vie de différentes façons. Premièrement il reçoit le prix de la location de ses bêtes, ensuite il économise ce qu'elles lui coûteraient à nourrir, et finalement il tire un prix considérable du poil que lui fournissent ses chèvres.

Tales Before Bedtime

Stumpy

THIS is a most extraordinary story. The hero of it is named Stumpy, and the heroine Beadie. Stumpy is a black-and-white tom cat. His mother is a beautiful Persian, and his father a plain, English brown tabby, who always wears a white shirt front and white spats on all his feet.

Stumpy takes after his papa except in colour, which is black like his mamma's; but he wears a white shirt with his black coat, and lovely white stockings on his hind legs, and he has the funniest little stumpy tail you ever saw.

He was given to Dora; and before he had been in the house a week all the mice in the kitchen had left and gone to live next door.

Cook was so pleased that she gave him rather bigger dinners than were good for his digestion.

Then, one day, Dora went into the storeroom with her mother, and across the floor scuttled Beadie—Dora called her that because she was a little brown mouse with eyes as black and bright as beads.

"Oh, dear me!" cried Mother. "There's a sugar bag nibbled and she's bitten through the covers of two jam jars. Stumpy must sleep here tonight."

Dora didn't want Beadie to be killed, but, of course, mice are nasty things to have in a storeroom; so that night she carried Stumpy, his basket, and a saucer of milk to the room, and shut the door.

The next morning she opened it softly, and there sat Stumpy, as pleased as Punch, watching Beadie drink his milk!

She scuttled away when Dora came in and actually jumped right over Stumpy's paws!

The next morning was the same, and the next and the next, and at last Beadie didn't mind Dora either, and played with the cat before her.

"And she never touches the sugar or anything now," said



There he sat, watching

Dora. "Stumpy must have told her she mustn't, and he gives her his milk instead."

"Well, what's to be done?" asked Mother.

"We can't kill Stumpy's friend," said Dora.

And, as everybody agrees with her, the cat and the mouse are still the greatest chums.

Then and Now



In 1823

Girls take exercise



In 1923

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

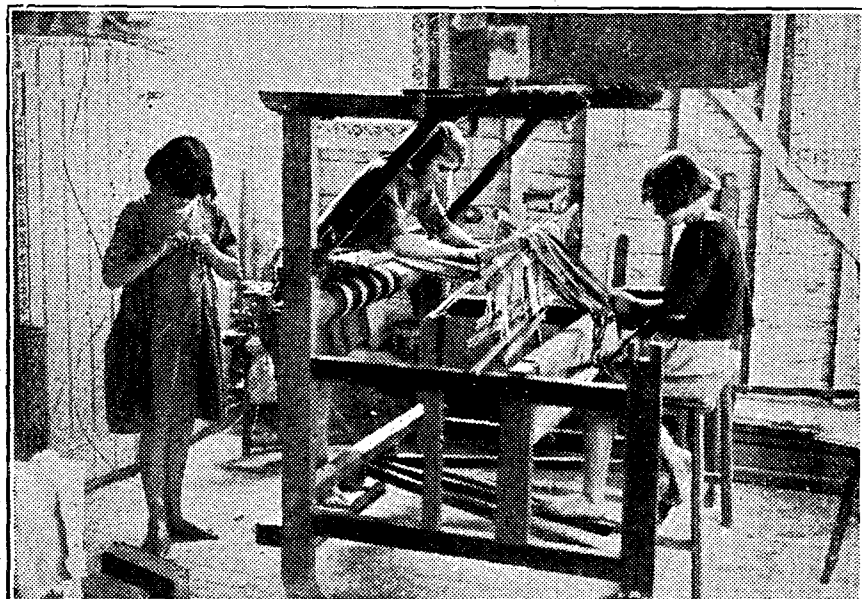
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 18, 1923

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, excepting Canada, for 14s.; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

DRYING HAY BY ELECTRICITY · LONDON HERONS · ELEPHANT GOES SHOPPING



Little Weavers at School—In the garden school at Great Missenden each pupil is taught a craft, and here we see a party of girls learning weaving. They are shown setting the warps, and are keenly interested in their work. Many of them become very skilful at these useful crafts



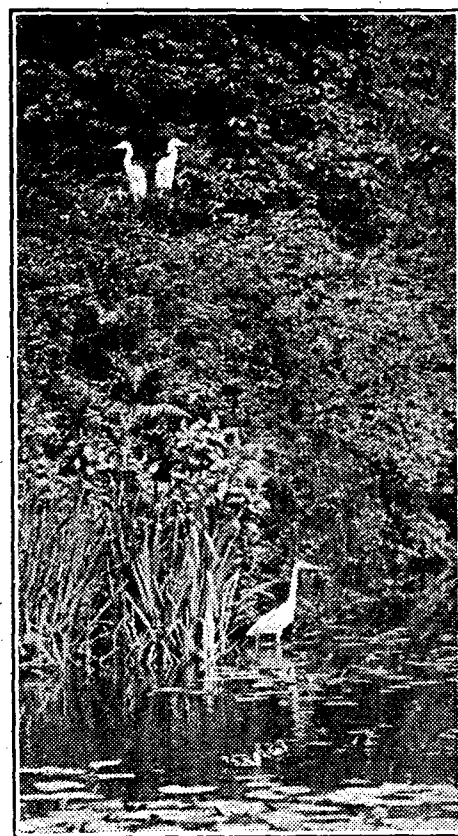
Getting Ready for Dinner—All over the countryside at the present time are camps where happy Girl Guides and Boy Scouts, released from school, are now living in the open air, and enjoying the simple life. Here we see a party of Girl Guides getting ready for midday dinner



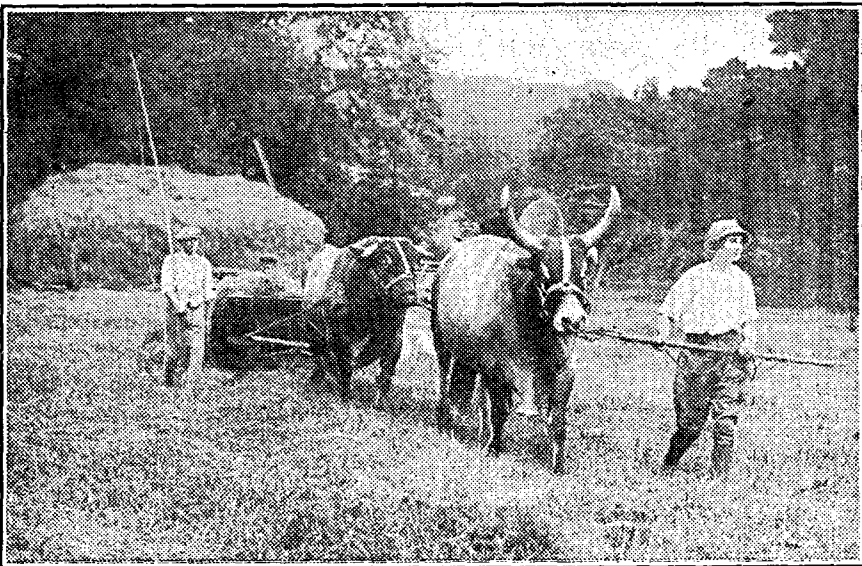
Drying the Hay by Electricity—By means of an electric motor dry air is now pumped into hayricks to dry the hay and prevent fermentation or combustion setting up through damp



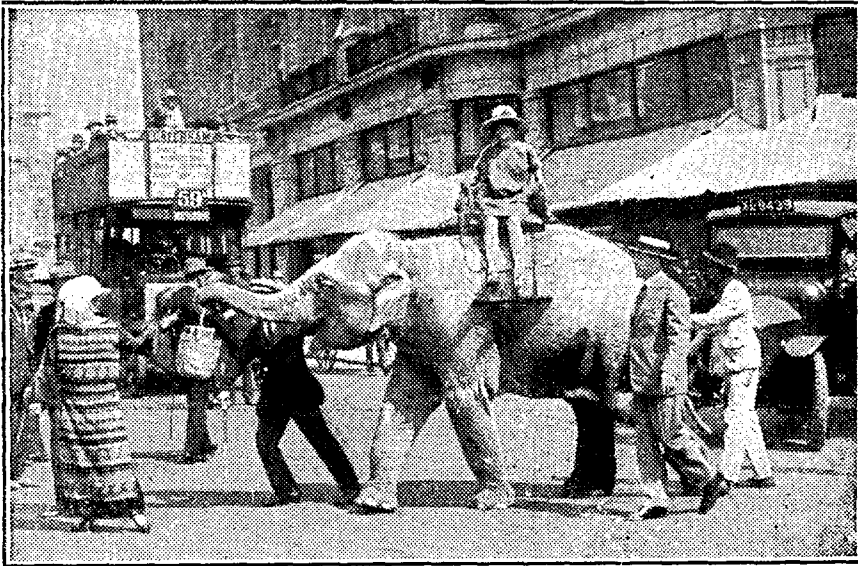
Mr. Asquith's Grandchildren at the Seaside—Lady Cynthia Asquith, the wife of Mr. Herbert Asquith, and her children enjoying a happy holiday on the beach at Margate. The ex-Prime Minister's grandchildren have built a sand castle, with a trench, and are having a rest while they wait for the tide to fill the trench



Herons in the Heart of London—This photograph of a sylvan scene was taken in Hyde Park, and shows the Serpentine with the three herons that the authorities recently set free there



Indian Bull in the Hayfield—This scene is to be witnessed on a farm at Paignton, in Devon, where Mr. Whitely, who keeps a private zoo, is training an Indian bull in harness



The Elephant Goes Shopping in London—Londoners were surprised the other day to see this elephant, with a little friend on its back, walk down Regent Street behind its mistress

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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